PASTOR FIDO:

OR, THE

Faithful Shepherd.

A

PASTORAL.

As it is Acted at the DUKE's Theatre.

Sylveſtrem reſonare doces Amaryllida Sylvas. Virg.

Licenſed, *Decemb.* the 26th. 1676.

Roger L'Eſtrange.

LONDON:

Printed for *William Cademan*, and Sold by *R. Bently* in *Ruſſel-Street* in *Covent Garden.* 1689.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Lady Eliz. Delaval.

SInce your Ladyſhip has ſuch great Advantages of Fortune in thoſe particular Bleſſings, Wit and Beauty, the beſt Companions of Quality; this Trouble is no more than what in Reaſon ought to be expected: For Dedications are but little better than Prologues and Epilogues; the general Subject of 'em is, to Proſecute the Witty and the Fair. Your Ladyſhips Perfections give me an ample Theme, and your Kindneſs to this Poem gives me boldneſs to make uſe of it. But Virtues in Perſons ſo Nobly deſcended, are but things Neceſſitated; your Ladyſhips Merits could not be leſs, ſince they are derived from ſuch Illuſtrious Parents. The Loyal Earl of *Newbrogh*, by his Perſonal Actions in the Wars, and his conſtant following the King's Fate beyond Sea, made himſelf ſo conſiderable an Enemy to the Rebellious Party, that they uſed all their Arts, and laid all the Baits of Intereſt to have made him their Friend; but their impious Cauſe, and their ſlighted Proffers appear'd ſo deteſtable, that he proved his Valour and Fidelity equally Impregnable. And to ſum up his Character, He was a Perſon that made the Field his Temple, Majeſty his Divinity, and his Life and Fortunes, the Sacrifices he offered: Nor were his Heroick Virtues unmatcht in the Famous *Lady Aubeny*, whoſe Induſtrious Loyalty, and more than Female Courage, render'd her ſo Conſpicuous, that tho Succeſs and Victory were the Rebels conſtant Slaves, and the ſpight of Fate had made 'em continually Proſperous, both in their Councels and their Arms; yet ſuch were her Indefatigable Services to

the Royal Cauſe, as made her Admired by the World, and Feared even by the Invincible: Witneſs her Impriſonment in the Tower, from whence by a miraculous Eſcape from her Confinement, and her threaten'd Martyrdom, as She lived a Champion for Loyalty, She dyed an Exile for it. Nor is your Ladyſhip leſs indebted to Providence for your Education than your Birth, in the Affinity and Patronage of the Lady *Stanhope*, a Perſon of ſo much Worth and Honour, and ſo truly Generous, and ſo excellently Good. But my deſign is not that of a Herauld, but a Petitioner. The *Faithful Shepherd* begs Acceptance, and the better to obtain that Favour, I may without a Crime boaſt of ſome Merit in the Preſent I make, ſince it borrows its Value from the Eſteem'd *Guarini*; and I have one Encouragement more to devote it here, knowing it has formerly been your Ladyſhips Diverſion. If I am Cenſured by the Admirers of *Paſtor Fido* for being ſo bold with ſo received a Poem, I only make this Apology, that *Plays* are ſo ſtrictly tied up to Faſhion, that like coſtly Habits, they are not Beautiful without it. I confeſs I have taken a great deal of Liberty in the Characters of *Sylvano* and *Coriſca*, becauſe they were not kept up in the Author: The firſt of which, in the Tranſlated *Paſtor Fido* (for I am a Stranger to the *Italian*) flag'd in the ſecond Act, and was wholly loſt in the two laſt. And the part of *Dorinda* was made up new to fit it for the Perſon deſign'd to Act it: And the two laſt Acts which have ſo little of the Authors, have ſtill his deſign, only that I have repreſented what was but Narrative in the Original. But whatever Advantages I may have received from ſo famed a Story, and ſo good a Foundation, my greateſt is, the occaſion it gives me of expreſſing my ſelf,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhips moſt Obedient

and moſt Devoted Servant,

Elkanah Settle.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

WEll, Gallants, when we tell you we've been juſt
To the Renown'd Guarinie's *ſacred Duſt;*
And to ſecure your good Opinions, ſay,
We've brought an admir'd Relique into Play:
Methinks I hear a young briſk Critick ſwear,
Ounds! do they think we're Antiquaries here?
Rot the dull Rhiming Fops of the laſt Age;
Damn 'em, they'll bring the Britiſh Bards *o'th' Stage.*
There's your condemning Vote! Of all Mankind,
Unhappy Writers the leaſt Mercy find.
A Play, but for one fault in the Deſign,
A hobling Verſe, dull Thought, or a flat Line,
Is loſt beyond the pow'r of a Reprieve:
Yet there are greater faults you can forgive.
As for Example: Some of you, by Fate
And your kind Parents, get a great Eſtate;
And, having other ways t'employ your Wit
Than in the fooliſh Care of keeping it,
Strait a Grave, Sober, Guardian-Steward comes,
To read your Papers, and to count your Sums;
Whom we ſoon ſee by Induſtry and Care,
Out of his Three-ſcore Pounds Allowance, clear
In ſeven years ſpace a Thouſand Pound a year:
Yet he, good honeſt Man, ſhall be forgiven.
Another keeps a Miſs the modiſh way;
And when poor Duns, quite weary, will not ſtay,
The hopeleſs Squire's into Alſatia *driven;*
Yet pretty charming Sinner is forgiven.
And yet theſe very Men, for three hours ſpent
At a dull Play, what Rage and Fire they'll vent!
Since greater Loſſes go ſo eaſily down,
Faith, Gallants, do not pine for Half a Crown.

Actors

Actors Names.

Montano, High-Prieſt of *Diana.*	Mr. *Medbourn.*
Sylvio, his Son.	Mr. *Crosby.*
Mirtillo, in Love with *Amaryllis.*	Mr. *Smith.*
Titiro, Father to *Amaryllis.*	Mr. *John Lee.*
Sylvano, a diſcontented Shepherd.	Mr. *Batterton.*
Ergaſto, Friend to *Mirtillo.*	Mr. *Norris.*
Carino, Foſter-Father to *Mirtillo.*	Mr. *Perſeval.*
Dameta, an old Shepherd, Servant to *Mirtillo.*	Mr. *Richards.*
Lynco, an old Shepherd, and Governour to *Sylvio.*	Mr. *Gillo.*
Dorco, Attendant to *Sylvano.*	

Amaryllis, Daughter to *Titiro.*	Mrs. *Batterton.*
Coriſca, in Love with *Mirtillo.*	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Dorinda, a young Nymph, in Love with *Sylvio.*	Mrs. *Petty.*
Gerana, her Governeſs.	Mrs. *Hughes.*
Celia, Confident to *Coriſca.*	Mrs. *Napier.*

Singers, Dancers, Nymphs, Shepherds, Hunts-men, Prieſts, Guards, Heads-man.

The Scene, *ARCADIA.*

Paſtor Fido.

ACT the Firſt.

After a ſound of Horns, and cry of Hunts-men,
Enter *Silvio* and *Lynco*.

Silvio.

THere's Muſick in this ſound, Life, Soul, and Charm.
What Breaſt ſo frozen, but this ſport can warm?
Deſerted Woods, and unfrequented Plains,
And you, your Countreys ſhame, poor frighted Swayns,
I am your Champion; 'tis by Me decreed,
The long diſturber of your Peace ſhall bleed.
This Savage Bore muſt Dye.
Lynco. "Oh *Silvio*,
"Had I thy freſh and blooming Cheek, adieu
"I'de ſay to Beaſts, and nobler Game purſue.
Silv. A Game more noble? what more Sacred task,
Could Fortune grant, or his Ambition ask,
Who for his Country does with Monſters fight,
And the Worlds Terrour makes his dear delight?
Lync. This Savage Chace leave t'an Ignobler hand:
A fairer Prize does your purſuit demand.
For which ——
No leſs does the *Arcadian* ſafety call,
Then for this Erymanthian Monſters fall.
Have not our Oracles long ſince deſign'd
From *Silvios* Nuptials, we our Peace ſhould find?
"And thou
"To have a Nymph ſo fair, that not a Swain
"So proud, but ſighs for her, and ſighs in vain:
"To have this matchleſs bright Divinity
"By Deſtiny and Gods reſerved for Thee;
"Nay thrown into thy Arms without one ſigh or tear;
"And thou (unworthy) not to value her?

Silv. Love, the dull Fetter of all ſlaviſh ſouls;
No ſuch weak power my free-born mind controuls.
Lync. " Oh *Silvio*, hadſt thou tryed Love once, and found
" In Mutual Lovers, what true Joys abound,
" I know thou'dſt ſay, Oh Love, the ſweeteſt Gueſt,
" Why haſt thou been a ſtranger to this Breaſt?
" Leave, leave the Wood's; leave following Beaſt, fond Boy,
" And follow Love.
Silv. Love, an unmanly Joy!
" Keep they thoſe Pleaſures to themſelves alone
" Who find a Soul in 'em, for I find none.
" *Lync.* No Soul in Love, the Worlds great Soul! Dull Youth
" Too ſoon (believ't) thou'lt find this pow'rful Truth;
" Perchance too late; for he'l be ſure, before
" We dye, to make us all once feel his pow'r.
" And be aſſur'd, worſe torment none can prove,
" Than in old Limbs, the Youthful Itch of Love.
" Old Men
" In Love are doubly wrackt, both with the ſenſe
" Of their Youths Pride, and Ages Impotence.
Silv. Muſt then my Youth for glorious actions lent,
Be on dull Woman, prodigally ſpent?
" For thoſe *Chimeras* in a Lovers head,
" Thoſe ſtrange Elyſiums by Mens Feavours bred?
Lync. " Tell me, if in this pleaſing month of *May*,
" When Earth is dreſt in all her rich array,
" Inſtead of bladed Fields, Brooks uncontrol'd,
" Green Woods, and painted Meads, thou ſhould'ſt behold,
" Bald Fields and Meads, Brooks bound with Ice; the Pine,
" The Beech, the Aſh, the Oak, the Elme, the Vine,
" And Poplar, like inverted Sceletons
" Stand deſolate, ratling their naked bones:
" Wouldſt thou not ſay, Nature is out of Tune,
" The World is ſick, and like to dye in *June*?
Now turn thy Eyes into thy ſelf, and ſee
How ill thy Paſſions, with thy Youth, agree:
" Behold a much more monſtrous Novelty
" Then this would ſeem in Nature. Courteous Heaven
" To every Age has proper humours given.
" And as in Old Men, Love abſurdly ſhews;
" So Young Men, Enemies to Love, oppoſe
" Nature and Heaven. Look *Silvio* round about,
" Examine this whole Univerſe throughout;
" All that is fair or good, here or above,
" Is either Lover, or the work of Love.

Sylv.

Silv. How canſt thou with ſuch treacherous Arts perſwade:
And thus the freedom of my Soul invade?
" Was it for this I had my tender yeats
" Committed to the care of thy grey hairs?
" That thou ſhould'ſt thus Effeminate my heart
" With Love? Know'ſt who I am, or who thou art?
Lynco. " Thou art a Man, or ſhould'ſt be one, and I
" Another; what I teach Humanity.
" And if thou ſcorneſt that name, which is thy Pride,
" Take heed, inſtead of being Deified,
" Thou turn not Beaſt.
Silv. " That Monſter-taming King,
" From whom my lofty Pedigree I bring,
" Had never been thus Valiant, nor thus Famed,
" If firſt the Monſter Love he had not tamed,
And his great deeds by Glory's Standart framed.
Lync. See, fooliſh Youth, how weak thy Reaſons prove;
" Had great *Alcides* never been in Love,
" How then had'ſt thou been born? If he o're-came
" Monſters and Men, to Love impute his Fame;
" To Love his Conqueſts. Souls like his untamed,
" In their own Nature rough, when once inflamed
" With generous Love, and with its Sweets allayd,
" Are clearer, apter for great actions made.
" If thou'rt ambitious then to imitate
" Great *Hercules*, and not degenerate
" From thy high blood; ſince Woods thou doſt affect,
" Follow the Woods, but do not Love neglect.
Not that I'de have thee thy mean thoughts debaſe
To poor *Dorindas* Love of low-born race.
Thy *Amaryllis* is of race Divine;
Beſides by Contract, ſhe's already thine.
Thy Wife already.
Silv. Heav'n defend me!
Lync. How?
Silv. My Wife?
Lync. Can *Silvio* forget his Vow?
Your mutual promiſes received and given?
" Take heed, bold Youth, how you dare ſport with Heav'n.
Silv. " Mans freedom is Heav'ns gift, which does not take
" Us at our words, when a forc'd Vow we make.
Lync. " I; but (unleſs our Hopes and Judgments fail)
" Heav'n made this Match, and promis'd to entail
" A thouſand bleſſings on't.
Silv. " 'Tis like that there
" Is nothing elſe to do. A proper care

" To vex the calm reſt of the Gods above.
Lynco, I ſcorn both Lovers Oaths, and Love. [*Exit.*

Lynco. " Thou ſprung from Heav'n, harſh Boy? nor of Divine
" Can I ſay ſuppoſe thee, nor of humane line.
" *Alectoes* Poyſon thy cold Limbs did faſhion;
" Fair *Venus* had no hand in thy Creation. [*Exit.*

SCENE the Second.

Enter Mirtillo *and* Ergaſto.

Mirt. " Fair *Amaryllis*, if by ſpeaking, I
" Offend thee, I will hold my peace, and dye.
Erg. " *Mirtillo*, Love is a great pain at beſt;
" But ſo much more, the more it is ſuppreſt.
Why do you inward burn, and find no tongue?
Mirt. " My fear, and my reſpect to her, thus long,
" Have ſilenc'd me. Alas, too well I know,
" Nor has Love ſtruck me blind, that in my low
" And ſlender Fortunes, it were idle pride
" To hope a Nymph ſo ſhap'd, ſo qualify'd,
" So rais'd in Birth, in Spirit, and in Blood,
" above all theſe ſo gentle, and ſo good,
" Can e're be mine. No; I have took the height
" Of my unhappy Star, and dread my Fate.
But *Amaryllis* Weds; ſay, does ſhe not?
Erg. 'Tis ſo reſolved.
Mirt. Oh my unhappy Lot!
Now Deſtiny has done its cruelleſt part,
Deſpair till now, but hover'd round my heart.
Till now, amidſt the greateſt of my fear,
Some glimmering hope at diſtance did appear:
My wiſhing Love did the kind Flatterer play;
And though 'twas Night, me-thoughts I dreamt of Day.
But now my Horrour runs through all my Veins:
Deſpair fills up my heart, and abſolute Tyrant reigns.
Paſt all recovery ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone.
I ſee the Prize by a bleſt Favourite won;
From my weak arms for ever, ever, torn;
I ſee the Mirtle Wreath my Rivals brows adorn.
And now *Ergaſto*, e're my heart quite break,
" Though 'tis too late, I am reſolv'd to ſpeak.
Erg. " Woe be to her, ſhould her ſtern Father hear,
" That to ſtoln Prayers ſhe ever lent an Ear.
Mirt. Alas my Looks and Language ſhall be far,
Both from offending him, and injuring her.

" I'le

" I'le only ſay to her I owe my Death,
" And beg, when I ſigh out my lateſt breath,
" She'd caſt her fair Eyes on me, and ſay, Dye;
" This favourable Boon ſhe can't deny:
That e're ſhe goes to make another Bleſt,
My Sighs may reach her Ear, though not her Breaſt.
" *Silvio*, the Rich, the Gallant, and the Fair,
" The Prieſt, *Montanoes* only Son and Heir;
" 'Tis he (oh envied Youth) whoſe joy appears
" So ripe for Harveſt in his Spring of years.
Erg. " Indeed you've little cauſe to envy him;
Rather to pitty him.
Mirt. To pitty him!
Can pitty ſuch a happy State beſit?
Ergaſt. " Becauſe he Loves her not.
Mirt. " And has he Wit?
" Has he a heart? Is he not blind? And yet
" When I conſider with what full Aſpect
" Her Starry Eyes their influence direct
" Into my Breaſt, ſhe cannot have a Dart
" Left in her Quiver for another heart.
" But why do they a Jem ſo precious throw,
" To one that knows it not, and ſcorns it ſo?
Erg. Becauſe from *Silvios* Marriage, Heav'n of old,
T'*Arcadia* has deliverance fore-told:
You, though a Stranger here, have underſtood,
That of an offer'd Virgins guiltleſs blood,
A Tribute by *Dianas* dire command
Is yearly paid by this unhappy Land.
Mirt. " But what ſtrange Crime deſerved ſo ſharp a Doom?
" How could ſuch monſtrous cruelty find room
" In a Celeſtial mind?
Erg. The cauſe of all
This ſtorm, was one of *Cynthias* Favourites fall:
Her beſt-lov'd Prieſt, a Youth of Noble blood,
By an inconſtant Nymphs fair Eyes ſubdu'd;
And by her Vows and broken Oaths betray'd,
In deſperation for this Perjur'd Maid,
Himſelf, before her Feet, a bloody Victim laid.
Whoſe Death *Diana* did ſo much incenſe,
That by a long and violent Peſtilence,
A ſuffering Nation in her fall was cruſht:
In Purple dye her killing fury bluſht:
Nor could the dying Criminals blood alone,
Waſh off her ſtain, and for her ſins atone.

Mirt.

Mirt. But how did you at laſt the Goddeſs rage appeaſe?
Erg. Our Cure's almoſt as ill as our Diſeaſe.
" For going to conſult Heav'ns Will, we from
" The Oracle received this fatal Doom,
" *That yearly, we to Nights offended Queen;*
" *A Maid or Wife ſhould offer, paſt fifteen,*
" *And under twenty;* by which means, the rage
" That ſwallow'd thouſands, one death ſhould aſſwage.
Mirt. And was this Barb'rous Tribute by her will
Doom'd to be paid for ever?
Erg. " The Oracle
" Being askt agen, what end our Woe ſhould have;
" To our demand, this punctual anſwer gave.
" *Your Woe ſhall end, when two of Race Divine,*
" *Love ſhall combine:*
" *And for a faithleſs Nymphs Apoſtate State,*
" *A faithful Shepherd ſupererrogate.*
" Now there is left in all *Arcadia,*
" Of Heav'nly ſtock, no other branch but they.
" Young *Silvio,* and fair *Amarillis,* She
" From *Pan* deſcended, from *Alcides,* He;
" And to our grief, till now, there never yet
" Of Heav'nly Race, a Male and Female met.
On this a Nation's hope depends; the reſt
" Is ſtill reſerv'd in Fates own ſecret breaſt;
" And with this Marriage, one day will enſue.
Mirt. " And all this poor *Mirtillo* to undo.
" What a long reach is here? what Army's Band
" Againſt one heart, half murder'd to their hand?
" Is't not enough that cruel Love's my Foe,
" Unleſs Fate too contrive my overthrow?
Erg. " Alas, *Mirtillo,* grieving does no good;
" Tears quench not Love, but are its milk and food.
" 'Tſhall ſcape me hard, but e're the Sun deſcend,
" This Cruel One ſhall hear thee: Courage, Friend.
Mirt. That word has ſhot life through me; do but this,
And to repay you for ſo vaſt a Bliſs,
When I am Dead, and her fair Hand has given
The killing wound, I'le ſend you thanks from Heav'n.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE the Third.

Enter Coriſca *and* Celia.

Coriſca. Yonder he goes; oh that bewitching Face;
" When I behold *Mirtillocs* every grace,
" His unaffected Carriage, all his Charms;
What pleaſing heat my panting Boſom warms?
But when I think anothers Chains he wears
And will be deaf to all my Sighs and Pray'rs,
That diſmal thought my bleeding heart-ſtrings tears.
" Shall I the flame of thouſand hearts, the wrack
" Of thouſand Souls, anguiſh and burn, and lack
" That pity I denyed to other? I
Who kill by Cruelty, by fondneſs dye.
Celia. Talk not of dying, Death's an end of pain
To thoſe that Love but once, and never Love again:
But thanks to Heav'n, you've no ſuch danger nigh,
You have that pleaſing Charm, Variety;
Let thoſe that ſtarve in Love, complain they dye.
Coriſc. Yes Girl, had I no other Love but this,
In Love there would be very little Bliſs.
" How extream poor muſt that ill Houſe-Wife prove,
" Who in all the World keeps but one only Love.
" What's Faith?
" What's Conſtancy? Tales which the Jealous feign,
" To awe fond Girls; Names as abſurd as vain?
" Faith in a Woman (if at leaſt there be
" Faith in a Woman unreveal'd to me,)
" Is not a Virtue, nor a Heav'nly Grace,
" But the ſad Penance of a ruin'd Face,
" That's pleas'd with one, 'cauſe it can pleaſe no more.
A thouſand fetter'd Slaves, ſhould all before
A Beauteous Face fall proſtrate, and adore.
" What's Beauty, tell me,
" If not purſued? where Lovers numerous are,
" It is a ſign the perſon Lov'd is rare;
A Creature Charming, excellently fair.
Celia. You Beauties then like Majeſty in State,
" Keep a large Train. One Officer to wait,
" Another to preſent, a third to prate,
" A fourth for ſome what elſe.
Coriſc. Well *Celia*, when thy opening Beauty blows,
Grown up to Love, take my advice, and uſe

" Thy

" Thy Lovers, like thy Garments, put on one;
" Have many; often ſhift, and wear out none.
" For daily Converſation breeds diſtaſt;
" Diſtaſt Contempt, and Loathing at the laſt.
" Then get the ſtart, let not the Servant ſay,
" He has turn'd his Mrs, but ſhe him away.
" Theſe are the rules I take; I've choice, and ſtrive
" To pleaſe 'em all; to this my hand I give,
" And wink on him; the handſom'ſt I admit
" Into my Boſom; but not one ſhall get
" Into my Heart; and yet I know not how
" (Ay me) *Mirtillo*'s crept too near it now.

Celia. For ſhame, leave ſighing, Siſter, have more Pride;
You that have got ſo many Lovers beſide,
Cure this fond Thirſt by ſome more pleaſing taſt;
In half your plenty, none but Fools would faſt.

Coriſc. I never ſigh'd, but to deceive before,
Such pains as theſe, till now, I never bore:
What ſhall I do?
Leave him, I can't; Court him I muſt not. Yes:
Love forbids that, and Honour hinders this.
" Firſt then I'le try Allurements, and diſcover
" The Love to him, but will conceal the Lover.
If after this, he does my flame deſpiſe,
Nought but Revenge ſhall my hot Rage ſuffice,
And my Proud Rival *Amaryllis* Dyes.
My Perſecutor here—— *Spying* Sylvano *Enter, ſhe runs away.*

Enter Sylvano *and* Dorco.

Sylva. Coriſca, ſtay.
Confuſion ſeize her! how ſhe haſtes away?
Why by Heav'ns Curſe and Malice was I born
To be a Vaſſal to ſuch Pride and Scorn?
" As Froſts to Plants, to ripen'd Ears a ſtorm;
" To Flowers the Mid-day-Sun, to Seed the Worm;
" To Stags the Toils, to Birds the Lime-twigs, ſo
" Is Love to man an everlaſting Foe.
" And he that call'd it fire, pierced well into
" Its Treacherous Nature; for if fire you view,
" How bright and beautiful it is? Approacht,
" How warm and comfortable? but when toucht,
" Oh how it burns; the Monſter-bearing Earth
" Did never Teem ſuch a Prodigious Birth.

" Where

" Where e're Love fixes its Imperial Seat,
" Cottage and Palace to its Rage ſubmit.
So abſolute is its too large Command,
Nothing can its Tyrannick pow'r withſtand.
" So Love, if you behold it in a pair
" Of Starry-eyes, in a bright treſs of hair:
" How temptingly it looks; what kindly flames
" It breaths? what Peace, what Pardons it proclaims?
" But if thou doſt it in thy boſom keep,
" So that it gather ſtrength, and can but creep,
" No Tygreſs in *Hircanian* Mountains Nurſt,
" No *Lybian*-Lyoneſs is half ſo curſt.
" Nor frozen Snake foſterd with humane breath,
" His Flames are hot as Hell, Bonds ſtrong as Death.
Dor. Why all this ſtorm? leave her, and rage no more.
Sylv. Preach ſilence to the Winds; I'le ne're give o're.
" Women, perfidious Women; all that's naught,
" In Love, from you is by Infection caught.
" He of himſelf is good, meek as the Dove,
" That draws the Chariot of the Queen of Love.
" But you have made him wild ———
" You, who your Care, your Pride, and Pleaſure place
" In the meer out-ſide of a Wanton face.
" Nor is't your buſineſs how to pay true Love,
" And ſtudy whether ſhall more conſtant prove.
" To bind two ſouls in one, and of one heart,
" To make another but the Counter-part.
But how to uſe thoſe arts you ſhould abhor;
" To paint your faded Cheeks, to cover o're
" The faults of Time and Nature. How ye make
" Pale Feulemort a pure Vermillion take;
" Fill up the wrinckles, dye black, white; a ſpot
" With a ſpot hide, where 'tis; make't where 'tis not.
" And all the while ſuch Torment you are in,
" That 'tis at once a Penance and a Sin.
Dorco. But for *Coriſcas* Crimes, why muſt you ſtrike
At the whole Sex?
Sylv. Damn 'em, they're all alike.
Dor. But why ſuch rayling?
Sylv. Rayling do you call't!
There's not that Accuſation, nor that Guilt,
As barbarous as Hell could e're invent;
Of which Perfidious Woman's innocent.
" Do their lips open? E're they ſpeak, they lye;
" And if they ſigh, they lye moſt damnably.

" Falſe lights their Eyes are, and falſe weights their Ears;
" Their Hearts falſe meaſures, and falſe Pearl their Tears.
" So talk, or look, or think, or laugh, or cry;
" Seem, or ſeem not; walk, ſit, or ſtand, they lye.
Dor. If Women are ſuch Monſters as you make,
How have they Charms, mens hearts how can they take?
Sylv. Their Snares ſo plain, you'd wonder we are caught;
But Love is man's misfortune, not his fault.
For to promote their curſt bewitching Arts,
They ſteal our Reaſons firſt, and then our Hearts.
And th' acts of Mad men can't be call'd their ſin,
And none but Mad men ever take Love in.
Yes, Mad indeed, when we repoſe our truſt
" In thoſe who would dye, rather than be juſt.
" Theſe are the curſed Arts, theſe are the Ways
" That have made Love ſo hateful in our days.
" Falſe and ungrateful Nymph. Example take
" By me, unskilful Lovers, how ye make
" An Idol of a Face; and tak't for granted,
" There's no ſuch Devil as a Woman Sainted.
" She thinks her Wit and Beauty without peer,
" And o're thy ſlaviſh Soul does domineer;
" Like ſome great Goddeſs, counting thou wert born
" As a thing Mortal only for her ſcorn.
" Takes all that praiſe as Tribute of her Merit,
" Which is the flattery of thy abject ſpirit.
Dor. Why then ſo humbly is that Sex ador'd?
And each kind Look with ſighs and tears implor'd?
" Theſe are the Womans Arms: Take the beſt way,
Purſue, and tire, and ſeize her as your Prey.
Sylv. Thou haſt inſpir'd my Soul, and I'le obey.
Since Tears and Prayers are vain, a bolder courſe
I'le ſteer: I am reſolved t'enjoy by force:
" I muſt ſtrike fire out of her Breaſt, by dint
" Of Steel; what Fool uſed Bellows to a Flint?
" *Coriſca*, thou ſhalt find no more of me
" That baſhful Lover. No; I'le let her ſee
" That Love ſometimes (though he appear ſtark blind)
" Can from his Eyes the Handkercher unbind.
And when I once have got her in my Arms,
I'le ſport and revel in her riffled Charms.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT the Second.

Enter Montano *and* Titiro.

Titiro. HOw is it poſſible my Daughter ſhould
" By Heav'ns be deſtined for the general good?
" For when I mark the words o'th Oracle,
" Methinks with thoſe the Signes agree not well.
" If Love muſt joyn 'em, and the one does flye,
" How can that be? How can the ſtrings which tye
" The True Lovers Knot be hatred and diſdain?
Did Heaven intend this Marriage, 'twould ordain
Beauty, not Hounds, o're *Sylvia*'s heart ſhould reign.
Mont. " He's young; and has time yet to feel Loves Dart.
Tit. He Love! The Woods have took up all his Heart.
Mont. Not ſo, but Love may ſtill new Pleaſures bring.
Tit. " But Love's a Bloſſom that adorns our Spring.
Since want of Love is that this age his Crime,
I have but little hope t'expect from Time.
Mont. " What if this Marriage be not writ in Heav'n,
" 'Tis made on Earth, their mutual Vows they've given.
" To violate which, were raſhly to prophane
" The God-head of great *Cynthia*, in whoſe Fane
" The ſolemn Oath was taken. Now how prone
" Our Goddeſs is to anger, and how ſoon
" By us to be incens'd, thour't not to learn;
But I declare as far as I diſcern:
" And a Prieſt's mind rapt up above the Sky,
" Can into the eternal Counſels pry:
" This Knot is tyed by the hand of Deſtiny.
" Beſides, I in a Dream have ſomething view'd,
" Which my old hopes has more than e're renew'd.
Tit. Dreams, what are they? Your hopes too ſtrongly bent;
But ſay, what did the Airy Form preſent?
Mont. " When ſwelling *Ladon* weary of his Yoke,
" The Banks with his Rebellious waters broke:
" So that where Birds but lately built their Neſts,
" Uſurping Fiſhes ſwam; and Men and Beaſts
" With Flocks and Woods promiſcuouſly t'an,
" Th'Impartial Deluge ſwept into the Main,
" That very night, that very night undone,
" I loſt a Child, and then my only Son:

Whilſt in his Cradle the poor Infant lay,
" The cruel Torrent raviſh'd him away:
I owe my Death to that unhappy day.
Tit. " And I may ſay of thy two Sons; the Floods
" Have raviſh'd one, the other's loſt i'th' Woods.
Mont. Perhaps kind Heav'n in the ſurviving Brother,
" Will by the one make we amends for t'other.
" 'Tis always good to hope; now hear me out:
" 'Twas at the dawning of the Morn, about
" That Mungrel hour, which gotten betwixt Night
" And day, is half an Ethiop, and half White:
When kind Heav'n to my waking fancy brought
Theſe lively Images of Fate, me thought
" On fam'd *Alpheos* banks I angling ſate
" Under a ſhady Beech; there came up ſtraight
" A grave old Man, down to the middle bare;
" His Chin all dropping, and his grizled hair,
And ſaid, *Loe, here's thy Son, and take good heed*
Thou kill him not, then dived into the Reed:
Startled, I cry'd, Propitious Heav'n defend:
No ſooner did the Reverend ſhape deſcend,
" But ſtrait black Clouds obſcur'd the Heav'n around,
" And threatning me with a dire Tempeſt fround;
" I to my boſom clapt the Babe for fear,
" And cryed, ſhall then one hour both give and bear
" Away my hopes: Streight all the air was turn'd
" Serene, and Thunderbolts to aſhes burn'd,
" Fell hiſſing in the water; with Bows broken,
" And Shafts by thouſands; Signs which did betoken
" Extinguiſht Vengeance; then a ſhrill Voice broke
" From the riv'd Beech, which in its tongue thus ſpoke;
" *Believe* Montano, *and thy hopes ſtill nouriſh,*
" *Thy fair* Arcadia *once again ſhall flouriſh.*
Titi. Can your fond hope from ſuch weak fancies riſe?
" Alas, *Montano*'s Dreams are Hiſtories
" Of what is paſt, rather than Prophecies
" Of what's to come; meer fragments of the ſight,
" Or thoughts of the paſt day reviv'd at night.
Man's Doom, and the great Oracles of Heav'n
Are never by ſuch feeble voices given.
" In ſhort, how Heav'n has deſtined to diſpoſe
" Of our two Children, neither of us knows.
" But this is clear to both of us; thine flyes,
" And againſt Natures Laws does Love deſpiſe.
Mont. " Take courage *Titiro*, do not debaſe
" Your thoughts with mortal fears, but nobly place

" Your

" Your hopes above: Heav'n favours a ſtrong Faith,
" And a faint Prayer ne're climbs that arduous Path.
" Our Childrens Pedigree you know's Divine,
" And Heav'n that ſmiles on all, will ſurely ſhine
" On its own Progeny. Come *Titiro*,
" Together to the Temple let us go,
And humbly bow to the Eternal Throne,
Victims and Prayers have pow'r, if Dreams have none,
" And thou high mover of the Orbs, that rideſt
" The Starry Region, with thy Wiſdom guideſt
" Their Courſe, look down upon our tottering ſtate,
" And reconcile Diſdain and Love with Fate? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Second.

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. " Riches, what are they, but our freedoms ſnares.
" What boots it in the Spring-time of ones years,
" To have the Attributes of fair and good,
" In mortal Veins to lock Celeſtial blood?
" If with all theſe our hearts Contentment loſe,
And what we moſt deſire, want pow'r to chooſe?
" Happy that Shepherdeſs, whom ſome courſe ſtuff
" Obſcurely cloaths, yet clear and juſt enough.
" Rich only in her ſelf, and in the beſt
" And nobleſt Ornaments of Nature dreſt.
Whoſe narrow ſtate no forreign Cares diſtreſs:
Her Boſom, and her little World at peace.
"Who in ſweet Poverty no want does know,
" Nor the Diſtractions, which from Riches grow.
" Yet whatſoever may ſuffice the mind,
" In that Eſtate abundantly does find.
" One Fountain is her Looking-Glaſs, her Drink,
" And Bath; and if ſhe's pleas'd, what others think,
" It matters not. She heeds not blazing Stars
" That threaten mighty ones; Wars or no Wars,
" It is all one to her: Her Battlement
" And Shield is that ſhe's Poor, Poor, but content.

Enter Coriſca.

Cor. Beyond my wiſh I'm favour'd by my Fate.
Heaven's, muſt I be *Mirtillo*'s Advocate!

Oh

Oh kind *Ergaſto*, a more pleaſing task
Thou could'ſt not grant, nor could *Coriſca* ask. [*Aſide.*
Under the Name of *Amaryllis* Friend,
I have fit means, and ſafe to work my end.
Amar. *Coriſca*!
Coriſ. My dear *Amaryllis* here?
Amar. Yes kind *Coriſca*, all that's left of her.
I'm to be Married; all that once was mine,
My freedom and my heart, all that was thine;
My friendſhip and my ſmiles, are ours no more;
They are all ſeiz'd by a commanding Power.
Coriſ. Do not with needleſs fears diſturb your peace:
Why muſt your freedom and our friendſhip ceaſe?
There's no ſuch Fetters, no ſuch dangers wait
Upon the ſweet and happy Married ſtate.
Amar. Happy and Sweet—— Alas——
Coriſ. "Why do you fetch
"That ſigh? Leave ſighing to that Wretch.
Amar. "What Wretch?
Coriſ. *Mirtillo.*
Amar. What of him——Oh that bleſt Name. [*Aſide.*
Coriſ. Only I have ſaved his Life.
Amar. His Life! How came
His Life in danger?
Cor. By his diſpair for you.
That hour he firſt your fatal Contract knew,
The killing ſound no doubt had mortal prov'd,
Had not my kindneſs half his pain remov'd;
"By promiſing to break this Match, which though
"I only ſaid to comfort him, I know
The way if need were——
Amar. Dear *Coriſca*, ſpeak;
Can thy kind help this cruel Gordian break?
Coriſ. Yes, eaſily.
Amar. My better Angel, how?
Cor. By Heav'n ſhe loves him, and my
Fears are true. [*Aſide.*
To break this Marriage off, if you would pleaſe
T'aſſiſt me, is a thing I'de do with eaſe.
Amar. Unkind *Coriſca*, had you in your pow'r
This bleſſing, and conceal'd it till this hour?
Well, though you hide your ſecrets, yet take mine:
Know when I think I muſt my heart reſign,
"And all my Life be ſubject to a Boy,
That hates me, and and does place his only joy

In

In Woods, in Beaſts, in Dogs, and Hunts-mens cries;
That thought to my wrack'd Soul all Peace denyes.
Why was I born of Heav'nly race for this?
" Happy that poor and humble Shepherdeſs,
" Who has not half my weighty Cares to keep
" Her heart awake, who feeds her Maſter's Sheep.
" With the pearl'd graſs, and with her lovely eyes,
" Some honeſt Swain, that for her Beauty dyes.
" Not ſuch as Men or Gods chooſe to her hand,
" But ſuch as Love did to her choyce commend.
" And in ſome favour'd ſhady mirtle Grove,
" Deſires, and is deſired, and lives all Love.
" This only is true Bliſs, which till the breath
" Deſerts the body, knows not what is Death.
" Would Heav'n had made me ſuch a one.
Coriſ. Why that?
I'le wiſh; to ſave you 'tis not yet too late.
Amar. " Not late! My Faith I have already given
" Both to my Father, and what's worſe, to Heav'n:
" And break with them I neither will, nor may.
" But if your induſtry can find a way
" T'unty this Knot, ſo that my Honeſty,
" My Faith, my Fame, and my Religion be
" Preſerved, how bleſt, how proud——
Cor. Leave it to me.
Coriſca's Glory, and her pow'r, this day,
In all their colours ſhall their Pride diſplay.
" But when from an ill Husband thou art freed,
" May not an honeſt Lover's hopes ſucceed?
Mirtillo you muſt Love, you ſhall——nay more,
Muſt give him leave to ſee you, and adore.
Amar. " 'Twere better he'd in peace and ſilence reſt,
" And root ſo vain a love out of his Breaſt.
Coriſ. " Some comfort you ſhall give him e're he dye.
Am. Half favours do but heighten miſery.
Coriſ. " If they do ſo, the ſeeking is his own.
Amar. " And what muſt I expect, ſhould it be known?
Coriſ. " How Cowardly thou art.
Amar. " And may I ſtill
" Be Cowardly in any thing that's ill.
Coriſ. " And can you fail me in this ſmall requeſt.
" Farewell; ſo may I fail thee in the reſt.
Amar. " Oh ſtay *Coriſca.*
Coriſ. " If you'l promiſe me
" To hear *Mirtillo.*

Amar.

Amar. Well, I'le promiſe thee
To hear him; but provided it may be
But once.
Coriſ. But once.
Amaryl. " And that he may not know
" We meet with my conſent or knowledge.
Coriſ. No:
You cannot think I'le be ſo indiſcreet,
I'le make him think 'tis by my Plot you meet.
Truſt to my care; your ſafety in my hand,
Your faithful Creatures Pow'r and Life command.
Amar. Farewell, kind Maid. [*Exit.*
Coriſ. Believing Fool, farewell;
Yes, truſt me, I will ſerve thee; but as Hell
Serves Sinners; I will lead her fairly on
Till paſt Redemption loſt, ſhe is undone.
She Loves *Mirtillo:*
And Rivalſhip enflames me to that height,
That now I love him at that ſenſeleſs rate,
That for his ſake I'de ſtartle at no crime,
Nay, I could e'ne turn Fool, and Marry him.
[*Enter* Sylvano, *ruſhing from behind the Scene, and catches her.*]
" Oh *Amaryllis* I am caught, I am caught;
Stay and aſſiſt me.
Sylv. No, ſhe hears thee not.
" Thou Mrs. in the art of making Lyes,
" That ſell'ſt falſe looks, falſe hopes at ſuch a price,
" With honeſty ſtampt on thy haughty brow,
None of thy falſehoods ſhall deceive me now.
Coriſ. To me this barbarous Language?
Sylv. Yes to thee.
Now I'le reward thee for thy Treachery,
Thou Cheat, Diſſembler, Witch, and Sorcereſs;
Perjur'd *Coriſca.*
Coriſ. " Yes, I do confeſs
" I am *Coriſca*; not that happy ſhe,
" Who once was Courted and belov'd by thee,
My gentle dear *Sylvano.*
Sylv. Gentle dear!
What ſweetning words, what a new ſtile is here?
Oh the Converſions that are wrought by fear.
Was this the language, this the humble look,
When me for the young *Thirſis* you forſook?

And

And from that heart, juſt ſealed to me before,
All your repeated Oaths to *Niſo* ſwore.
Coriſ. Who, I forſake thee? take back the leaſt part
From thee of that intire devoted heart,
Which is thy ſacred right.
Sylvan. Oh wondrous ſtrange!
No, no; your conſtancy can never change!
Since of your Crimes you can forgetful be,
My vengeance ſhall refreſh your memory.
Coriſ. Vengeance! Oh Heavens, on whom?
Sylvan. On thee, Enchantreſs, thee, fair Infidel.
Thou haſt not play'd the Traitour's part ſo well
As I will do the Lovers. Thanks kind Pow'rs,
After ſo many ſighs, and tedious hours,
My Life and Fortune's ſpent to buy your ſmiles,
Kind Fate at laſt rewards my weary toils,
And my falſe fair one, now I'le triumph in the ſpoils.
Since ſo much Hell within your Boſom reigns,
I'le conjure all the Devils in your Veins.
Coriſc. Oh Horrour! My ſoft Peace, how can you fright?
Can you hurt her whom once you call'd your dear delight?
What Faith in Men can Wretched Virgins find,
If my *Sylvano* ceaſes to be kind.
Sylvan. Ceaſe to be kind to thee. By Heav'n not I,
I'le be ſo kind——
Coriſ. Oh my hard deſtiny!
Sylv. ——That not thy Father, when in all his heat,
And Youth, he did thy wanton Mother treat,
To raiſe this Curſed Raſe to damn Man-kind,
Was ever half ſo hot, or half ſo kind.
He, lazy Nuptial Fool, did only move
In the dull humane Path of making Love;
But I'le turn Raviſher, and ſport like Jove.
Coriſ. "Behold me at thy feet. Oh pardon me,
"If ever I by chance offended thee,
"My Idol; by thoſe God-like looks, theſe more
"Than humane Knees, which claſping, I adore.
"By thy dear ſelf *Sylvano*; thy more dear
"Affection which thou once to me didſt ſwear:
"By the ſweet influence of thoſe Eyes, which thou
"Wert wont to call two Stars, two Fountains now.
Sylv. T'extract theſe Tears, what wonders have I done?
Such ſoft Dew falls not after every Sun.

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To hear him; but provided it may be
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"Wert wont to call two Stars, two Fountains now.
Sylv. T'extract theſe Tears, what wonders have I done?
Such ſoft Dew falls not after every Sun.

Coriſc. Dear *Sylvan*, pity me, and let me go.
Sylv. " Think'ſt thou ſtill *Syren* to deceive me? No.
Coriſc. Oh let me go, try me but once, and ſee
How juſt, how faithful, and how kind I'le be.
Sylv. No, I am grown too wiſe to credit thee;
" And he that takes thy word, himſelf enſnares,
" Beneath this humble ſhew, beneath theſe Prayers
" Is hid *Coriſca*. I too long delay.
My Pleaſure and Revenge calls me away.
Come, my fair Martyr.
Coriſc. Oh Inhumane, ſtay,
Hear me but one word more.
Sylv. You beg in vain.
Coriſc. Have you no pity left? ſhall I obtain
No Mercy?
Sylv. None, I'le drag you to my Cave,
And no more treat you as my Saint, but Slave.
There, Oh my Vengeance! Oh my Pleaſure!
Coriſc. Hold.
Are you reſolv'd?
Sylv. As firm as Fate, and leſs to be controul'd.
Have you done whining?
Coriſc. " Oh thou baſe, and not
" To be exampled Slave, half Man, half Goat,
" And all a Beaſt;——thou Nature's Out-caſt, born
For her Diſgrace, and for *Coriſca*'s Scorn.
" *Coriſca* loves thee not! thou think'ſt the truth;
" What ſhould ſhe ſee in ſuch a Charming Youth?
Sylv. Now your true ſelf appears? but do not think
Curſes or Prayers ſhall make *Sylvano* ſhrink.
Coriſc. Infernal Beaſt, let go your hold, be gone:
Think not the impious deed's ſo eaſily done.
That minute thy Impiety ſhall dare
But touch me, with my ſhrieks I'le fill the Air;
And call down all Heav'ns Thunder on thy head:
Nay, I'le turn Baſilisk, and look thee dead.
Sylv. Call Thunder down! as if the Gods would hear
Thy out-cryes, Devil. I ſo little fear
Heav'ns Anger for ſo juſt, ſo brave an act,
That in the very height of all the Fact,
I'le with ſuch pride the glorious deed commit,
That I'le my ſelf call Heav'n to witneſs it.
Coriſc. Hell and Damnation thy black Soul confound,
And everlaſting Horrour ſhade me round.

Sylv.

Sylv. But I'm
Too gentle: In this poſture I appear
More like a Courtier than a Raviſher.
Fury's the garb my Inj'ries ſhould wear:
Beaſt as thou art, I'le drag thee by the hair.

[*Lets go her Arms, and twiſts his hands in her Hair.*

My rage cannot commit an act too foul;
Fright me away? I'm not that eaſie Fool ——

{ *As he drags her away, her Hair comes off; and* Sylvano *falls; at which time ſhe runs off.*

Perdition ſeize her. Oh ſhe's gone; was e're
Such an Eſcape, ſuch a defeat as here!
" Was ever man ſo Fooled! Thou all made up of Wiles,
" Was't not enough thy words, thy looks, thy ſmiles
Were all deceit; falſe, treacherouſly fair,
" But you muſt likewiſe falſifie your hair.
" The glowing Amber, and the flowing Gold
" Which you, mad Poets, ſo extol, behold!
" Bluſh, bluſh now at your errour, and recant
" Your thread-bare Theam; inſtead whereof, go paint
" The arts of a deform'd and impious Witch;
" Breaking up Sepulchres by Night; from which
" She ſteals the hair, which upon Deaths-head grows,
" To Imp her own; which ſhe ſo neatly does,
" That ſhe has made you praiſe, what you ſhou'd more
" Then dire *Megæras* Snaky locks abhor. [*Exit.*

SCENE the Third.

Enter Gerana *and* Dorinda.

Dor. To follow *Sylvio*, is that a Crime?
I'de wander o're the World to follow him.
Not Savage Deſarts with their Beaſts of prey,
And all their frightful Rocks ſhould ſtop my way.
Ger. Come dear *Dorinda*, do not ſigh in vain;
Come Love no more, but ſhake off all this pain.
Should Maids, in wild Young Men, place their delight;
Alas, they're Creatures not to pleaſe, but fright.

Dor. You were young once, and if you told me true,
You ſaid you Lov'd, And did they frighten you?
Ger. But when I Loved, 'twas at a Womans Age.
I ſtood upon my Guard againſt their rage,
I was more able too the ſtorm to bear:
But they are Creatures which you ought to fear.
Ravenous as Lyons, and more fierce than they:
Whilſt Slaviſh Women muſt their Wills obey,
And to their furious Appetites give way:
They have deſires, to which you cannot bow.
Dor. But you have tryed, and you ſhall tell me how.
Ger. Poor Innocence, you know not what you ſay:
There's Debt, in Love, you are too young to pay.
Alas, thou'rt Ignorant——
Dor. Why then I'de learn.
Ger. Alas, your own deſires you can't diſcern.
Dor. To pleaſe my Love, what is it that I want?
Can he ask any thing I cannot grant?
No, I have ſo much Love, that I believe,
I've rather more than I know how to give.
Inſtruct me, for I'de pleaſe him if I cou'd.
What are thoſe Debts?——I know they muſt be good.
Love is a God, I've heard our Shepherds ſay:
And all that Gods command, we ſhould obey.
If I've more hearts than yet I underſtand,
Tell me, they ſhall be all at his command.
Ger. Inquire no farther——pretty Innocence,
But think of Loving *Sylvio* ſeven years hence.
Dor. And muſt I ſtay ſo long, ſo long a time?
Ger. Your Beauty then will be in all its prime.
Dor. Have I not all my Beauty yet? is it
For that my *Sylvio* cannot love me yet?
My wants in Beauty are this way ſupply'd,
I've Love enough, what e're I want beſide.
Ger. Do but obſerve the Beauties of the *May*:
Yours will be once as ripe, and bright as they.
Stay till your worth is better underſtood.
All theſe gay flowers were once but in the Bud.
Dor. Muſt Virgins then grow up as Roſes do?
Pray, how is that?
Ger. To Age their Sweets they owe.
Whilſt by th'warm Sun, and the kind Spring, they blow.
Dor. If then my want of growth be all my fau't,
Methinks I need not ſtay ſev'n years for that.

Let

Let but my *Sylvio* love me: He has ſuch charms,
Methinks I could ſhoot up in *Sylvio's* Arms.
His charming looks would make me any thing.
So kind a Sun would ſoon bring on the Spring.

Enter Sylvio *and* Hunts-men *croſſing the Stage:* Sylvio *ſeeing* Dorinda, *offers to go.*

Dor. Stay *Sylvio*, do not flye me.
Ger. Cruel, ſtay.
Cannot ſuch ſuppliant Beauty ſtop your way?
Sylv. My Torment here. [*aſide.*
To ſtay, I want the pow'r.
I've no time now to fool away an hour.
Ger. Inhumane; is this treat a recompence
For all the groans of dying Innocence?
Thou man, more barbarous than the *Scythian* Race,
And Savager than the wild Beaſts you chace.
Dor. Dearer than Life, and ſweeter than the Spring,
My Joy, my Love, my Heart, my every thing.
Oh unkind Nymph, can you ſo Cruel prove,
To talk ſo harſhly to the Man I Love?
Dear *Sylvio*——What have I ſaid——
Methinks I bluſh, yet why, I do not know.
Something I've ſaid or done, I ſhould not do.
To ſay I Love him, there's no ſin in that:
To tell the Truth, ſure cannot be a Fau't.
And yet methinks——
A ſecret ſhame into my face does flye,
And ſays 'tis men ſhould Court, and Maids deny.
Sylv. What is the cauſe fair Nymph——
Dor. Fair Nymph! Ah no:
You call me fair, but do not think me ſo.
Sylv. What idle frenzy can ſo pow'rful be,
To make you take ſuch pains to follow me?
Dor. Why do you ask? As if you did not know.
I would be near you whereſo'ere you go:
Do, let me follow you, let me be near.
"I'le hold your Arrows, and your Quiver bear:
And if your precious Life ſhould e're,
By the Wild Bore you chace, in danger be,
I'le ſtep between, and he ſhall firſt Kill me.
In *Sylvio's* preſence is my ſole delight:
On you I think all Day, and dream all Night.

And

And in the Morning, when by reſtleſs Cares
I early wake, and go to ſay my Pray'rs,
All on a ſudden, when I kneeling bow,
And think I ſpeak to Heav'n, I pray to You.
Yet unkind *Silvio* from *Dorinda* flyes.
Takes all my Heart, yet gives me none of His.

Sylv. Why do you throw away a heart ſo ill?
I never yet knew Love, nor ever will.
Or if I did, 'tis in the Chace, the Groves
And Woods: My Hawks and Hounds have all my Loves.

Dor. In Love with Hawks and Hounds! Thoſe Cretures, Sir, (have got
Their Loves already. They're by Nature taught
To Love amongſt themſelves. Thoſe humble Creatures too,
Are not deſerving to be lov'd by You.

Sylv. Well Nymph, I ſee I wrong you by my ſtay;
I'le take the Cauſe then of your Griefs away.
Adieu.

Dor. Stay but one minute; muſt we part
So ſoon? I ſee the cauſe of all my ſmart:
'Tis *Amaryllis* takes up all your heart.

Sylv. Before I go,
That little ſatisfaction you ſhall have,
I gave my hand; my heart I never gave.

Dor. Do you not love her then?

Sylv. By Heav'ns, not I.

Dor. Does ſhe want Charms?

Sylv. Their Influence I defie.

Dor. But are you ſure you do not love her?

Sylv. Why?

Dor. Do you not think, and wiſh you know not how,
And Dream of her a Nights, as I of You?

Sylv. I think not of her waking, nor aſleep,
My heart does no ſuch worthleſs Trifles keep.

Dor. You've eas'd me of I know not how much pain:
I'm Charm'd to hear you talk with ſuch diſdain.
Malice or Love, or both, what e're it be,
I'm pleas'd he loves not her, though he hates me.

[*The Hunts-men hollow from within.*

Silv. Hark, I am call'd, my pleaſure I delay.
Farewell.

Dor. You ſhall not go.

Sylv. I muſt not ſtay.

Dor.

Dor. Have you no Love, nor pity, cruel Man?
Sylv. I pity you as much as e're I can.
Dor. Well *Sylvio*,
If by your Hate I'm doom'd to be undone;
I'm the firſt ſlighted Maid that dyed ſo ſoon.
Sylv. Well pow'rful Nymph,
For the unreſt, the ſighs, and pains, ſo long
You've born in Charity t'a thing ſo young,
For once I will be kind.
Dor. Will you be kind?
Kind to *Dorinda*! Oh my lightned mind?——
And will you love me?——I ne're lived till now,——
Shall I be yours?——My Joys too mighty grow.
If the unreſt I've born your kindneſs win,
To keep you kind, I'le never ſleep agen.
And if you've Charity, becauſe I'm young,
Be ſure I'le ne're grow old——but why ſo long
A ſilence? why this diſtance? Did you ſay
You would be kind, and do not know the way.
Swains, when they're kind, their deareſt Nymphs approach,
With all their greedy joys their hands they touch,
And kiſs 'em o're and o're.
Then round their Necks their twining Arms they throw:
Were I a Swain in Love, I ſhould do ſo.
Sylv. Hold gentle Nymph, and give me leave to ſpeak.
Do not my promis'd Charity miſtake,
Your ſoftneſs has my ſtubborn ſpirit bow'd
So much, that I would Love you if I could.
And this Effeminate Confeſſion, none
Of your whole Sex could win, but you alone.
Dor. And is it thus, you're kind?
Sylv. Love I n'ere can.
Within my Breaſt that Feaver never ran.
You have my Pity; all I can I'le grant.
Nor will I ſay I Love you, when I can't.
Dor. You cannot Love?
Sylv. My kindneſs is ſo great,
I will not pay your Love with Counterfeit.
Nay, in compaſſion to your ſighs and tears,
Each riſing Sun ſhall hear my *Z*ealous Prayers:
I'le beg kind Heav'n that you may Love no more,
And your Converſion on my knees implore,
Once more fare-well.

Dor.

Dor. Why all this haſty flight?
Stay, and be cruel ſtill, and kill me quite. [*Exit.* Sylv.
Gerr. E'ne let him go, and to requite this ſcorn,
May he, by Heaven's purſuing Vengeance, torn
By ſome wild Monſter in a Deſart dye,
And injur'd Virgins curſe his memory.
The noyſe comes near; flye hence, no longer ſtay;
What if the Savage Beaſt ſhould come this way,
And Chafed with Hunting, ſpill your precious blood?
Dor. Alas, I would forgive him, if he ſhou'd.
Since unkind *Sylvio* from my Love does flye,
Young though I am, I'm Old enough to dye.
[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT the Third.

Enter *Amaryllis* with a Train of Shepherds, who enter Singing.

Song.

WHy does the fooliſh World miſtake,
And Loves dull praiſes ſing ſo loud?
What idle Subjects muſt they make,
Who chooſe a blind and Childiſh Boy their God?

What dearer Joys our Freedom brings,
Whilſt the wing'd Quire on every bough,
Charm'd with our Bliſs in Conſort ſings,
And Night and Day our harmleſs pleaſures view.

Chor. *'Tis Shame and the Night Loves folly does cover,*
And only the Bat and Schreich-Owl that hover
About the dark Windows of a drowzy dull Lover.

The

The Song ended, they Dance, which done, they go off ſinging, and *Coriſca* enters and ſtays *Amaryllis*.

[*Manent only* Coriſc. *and* Amar.

Cor. "I muſt go ſpeak to him, or he'l not ſtir.
"To her faint-hearted Swain; what do you fear? [*Calling to* Mirtillo.

Enter Mirtillo.

Mirt. I would approach her, but dare move no higher:
"How near to Impotence is ſtrong deſire?
Coriſc. Make haſte, or ſhe is loſt.
Amar. "What do I view!
Mirt. "Stay; If this action to thy ſcorn be due,
"Behold the Weapon and the Breaſt. [*holding his Dagger to his Breaſt.*

Amar. Thou haſt
Deſerved that Sentence thy raſh tongue has paſt.
What cauſe, bold man, could thy preſumption move
To interrupt my ſoft Retirements?
Mirt. Love.
Amar. "Love is not rude.
Mirt. Can it be rudeneſs when I kneel before
That dear Celeſtial Creature I adore.
Is it a Crime t'approach what we admire.
Do but obſerve, fair Nymph, how the wing'd Quire,
Each wandring Bird flyes over Woods and Groves,
To mix its Airs with the dear Mate it loves.
And what their Loves and weaker Senſe has done,
Should daſtard Man, the Lord of Reaſon ſhun?
Amar. And is this Love? Did Love your foot-ſteps ſteer,
Prayers, not ſurprizes would have brought you here.
Mirt. "As a wild Beaſt, enraged with want of Food,
"Ruſhes on Travellers from out the Wood.
"So I, that only live on thy fair Eyes,
"Since that lov'd Food thy Cruelty denies,
"On my fair Prey, a Ravenous Lover ſeize,
To my long famiſh't Love, the only eaſe.
My Paſſion, and my Fears were long at ſtrife,
And 'twas a ſtratagem to ſave a Life.
Amar. "Alas, you perſecute me, but in vain.
What is it you can ask, or hope t'obtain?
Mirt. "Once e're I dye, to hear me.

Amar. "Well Sir, that Boon I grant. But this before,
"Say little, quickly part, and come no more.
Mirt. "Then that I love thee more than I do love
"My Life; if thou doubt'ſt, Cruel, ask this Grove,
"Each ſtupid Rock, each Mountain, which ſo oft,
"I by the voice of my Complaints, made ſoft.
"Behold theſe Flowers that make the Earth ſo proud,
"Thoſe Stars which nail the Firmament. The Crow'd
Of Nights, bright Gems atteſt my high deſires;
They've all been witneſs of my reſtleſs Fires.
To the adored bright Beauties of thoſe Eyes,
My Soul with all her wing'd affections flyes.
"But ſince you bid me ſay but little, I
"Shall ſay but little, ſaying that I dye;
"And ſhall do leſs in dying, ſince I ſee
"How much my death is coveted by Thee.
Yet when I'm Dead,
You'l pity what to Live you can't permit;
"Muſt thoſe bright Stars which my Loves Torches lit,
"Light too my Funeral Tapers, and fore-run
"As once my riſing, now my ſetting Sun?
Amar. What ſhall I ſay? I cannot ſpeak. [*aſide.*
Mirt. Fair Saint,
Have you no ſenſe of my too juſt Complaint?
Have you no Pitty? ſpeak!——what have I done,
This Fate to merit?——Muſt I talk alone——
Say ſomething Cruel Nymph,——
Amar. What ſhould I ſay?
You know I muſt not anſwer you your way.
Mirt. "Say, dye, at leaſt, if nothing elſe you'l ſay.
Amar. "That honeſt pitty I may grant, you have.
"Other it is in vain to hope or crave.
"For amorous pitty you muſt ne're implore
"From her, who has given away all that before.
"But if you love me, and have told me true;
"Love my good Name, my Life and Honour too.
"You ſeek Impoſſibles: I am a Ward
"To Heav'n; Earth watches me, and my reward,
"If I tranſgreſs, is Death. But moſt of all
"Virtue defends me. Sir, your heart recall:
"On barren Rocks, none but th' unhappy fall.
"And 'tis the part of Virtue to abſtain
"From what we love, if it will prove our bane.
Mirt. "He that no longer can reſiſt, muſt yield.

Amar.

Amar. " Where Virtue reigns, all paſſions quit the field.
Mirt. " Love triumphs over Virtue.
Amar. " Let that man
" That cannot what he will, will what he can.
Mirt. " Neceſſity of Loving, has no Law.
Amar. But Effects ceaſe when Cauſes do withdraw.
I'le ſee you then no more.
Mirt. O ſtay; your form's fixt here;
" In vain we flye what we about us bear.
" There is no Cure but that which Death affords.
Amar. " Death! Let me ſpeak then, and be ſure theſe words
" Be as a Charm to you. Although I know,
" When Lovers talk of dying, it does ſhow
" Rather an amorous cuſtom of the tongue,
" Then a reſolve of mind, continuing long.
" Yet if in earneſt you ſhould ever take
" So ſtrange a Frenzy; know that when you make
" Your ſelf away, you murder my Fame too.
" Live then if you do love me, and adieu.
Mirt. And muſt I live for ever in deſpair;
Doom'd to a Life that is not worth my care?
Amar. *Mirtillo*, 'tis high time you went away,
" You have already made too long a ſtay:
Be gone, and let your griefs not grow too ſtrong,
" Of hopeleſs Lovers, there's a numerous throng.
" There is no wound, but carries with it pain;
" And there are others, who of Love complain.
Mirt. How can I leave you?
Amar. Why, Sir, ſhould you ſtay?
You know my heart's already given away.
You know I'm to be married, Sir,——yet ſtill——
Oh Heav'ns! I'de like t'have ſaid againſt my will. [*aſide.*
Be gone, be gone——
For ſhould he longer ſtay,
I ſhall the weakneſs of my ſoul betray. } *aſide.*
Mirt. Why muſt I flye ſo faſt from all that's dear?
Amar. Should but the Nymphs return, and find you here,
This place they hold ſo ſacred, that they'd tear
You limb from limb: " The Thracian Nymphs ne're tore,
" And murder'd *Orpheus* ſo on *Hebrus* ſhore.
Mirt. Is that a fear ſhould drive *Mirtillo* hence?
What if the place be ſacred; the offence
Proceeds from Love, and Love is ſacred too;
They could not hurt the Slave that dyes for you.

Amar. He has ſtaid too long; his preſence
Has ſuch pow'r—— [*aſide.*
My Father I expect this very hour:
And if he find you here, I ſhall pull down
A Nations anger and a Fathers frown.
Sir, for my ſafety go.

Mirt. That word alone could force
Me hence; " but can I ſuffer this Divorce,
" And yet not dye; the pangs of death I'm ſure
" I feel, and all that parting ſouls endure. [*Exit.*

Amar. " *Mirtillo*, oh *Mirtillo*, could'ſt thou ſee
" That heart which thou condemn'ſt of cruelty,
" Soul of my Soul, thoud'ſt find it ſo much thine,
Thoud'ſt give me pity, and not ask me mine.
" Oh why, if Love be ſuch a natural
" And pow'rful paſſion, is it Capital?
" Law too ſevere that Nature doſt offend,
" Nature too frail that doſt with Law contend.
Why muſt our bleeding hearts with ſorrow break,
Whilſt Modeſty forbids our Sex to ſpeak?
" Oh dear *Mirtillo*, pardon thy fierce Foe,
" In words and looks, but in her heart not ſo.
" But if addicted to Revenge thou be?
" What greater Vengeance canſt thou take on me,
" Then thy own grief? For, if thou beeſt my heart,
" As in deſpite of Heav'n and Earth thou art;
" Thy ſighs my Vital ſpirits are; the flood
" Of tears which follows, is my vital blood.
" And all theſe pangs, and all theſe groans of thine,
" Are not thy pangs, are not thy groans, but mine.

Enter Coriſca *and* Celia.

Coriſc. Why pangs and groans? what ſhould your peace deſtroy?
What hinders your deſires, or bars your Joy?
Come, you muſt love *Mirtillo*: Why ſo coy?

Amar. What do you mean? You know our breach of Faith
Is puniſht by th' *Arcadian* Laws with death?

Coriſc. And is it that dull Nymph keeps you in awe?
" Which is more ancient, tell me, Love or Law?
Love's a Majeſtick pow'r;
Came in with Nature, and grew up with Man,
And with the world its Soveraignty began.

Laws

Laws were but Innovations crept in ſince,
Which envying Loves Imperial Excellence,
Like Rebels Circumſcribed an Abſolute Prince.

Amar. Oh Heavens: I ſcarce dare gueſs at what you mean:
But could I thy wild Counſels entertain,
" And for th' offence the Law my Life ſhould take;
" Can Love of Life a Reſtitution make?

Coriſc. " Thou art too nice: If Women all were ſuch,
" And on thy ſcruples ſhould inſiſt too much:
" Good days adieu.
" Laws are not for the Wiſe. If to be kind
" Should merit death, *Jove* help the cruel mind.
" But if Fools fall into thoſe Snares, 'tis fit
" They be forbid to ſteal, that have not wit
" To hide their Theft.

Amar. Hold: this wild ſubject change.
You ſtartle me to hear you talk ſo ſtrange.

Coriſc. Why ſtrange!
One minute of our Life's not in our pow'rs,
And who but Fools would loſe whole days or hours?
Celia, convert her with that Song I taught you.

Celia Sings.

" *Let us uſe time whilſt we may;*
" *Snatch thoſe joys that haſt away,*
" *Earth her Winter-Coat may caſt,*
" *And renew her Beauties paſt;*
" *But our Winter come, in vain*
" *We ſollicite Spring again.*
" *And when our Furrows Snow ſhall cover;*
" *Love may return, but never Lover.*

Amar. " Thou ſay'ſt all this only to try me ſure:
" Not that thy thoughts are ſuch; but reſt ſecure,
Unleſs the way to break this Contract be
A plain ſafe way; from guilt and ſcandal free:
Your uſeleſs Councels you propoſe in vain;
" I'de dye a thouſand Deaths e're I'de my Honour ſtain.

Coriſc. " But *Amaryllis*, doſt thou ſeriouſly
" Believe thy *Sylvio* rates his Faith as high,
" As thou doſt thine?

Amar. Alas, how ſhould I know?
" What's Faith to him, who is to Love a Foe?

Coriſc. " Loves Foe! There's thy miſtake: Oh theſe coy ſouls
" Believe 'em not. The deep ſtream ſilent rowls.
" No Theft in Love ſo ſubtle and ſecure,
" As to hide ſin by ſeeming to be pure.
" In ſhort, thy *Sylvio* loves, but 'tis not thee.

" He Loves else-where.
Amar. " What Goddess must she be.
" For certainly she's not of mortal frame
" That could the heart of *Sylvio* inflame.
Where are her Altars, what's this Goddess Name?
Corisc. " No Goddess, nor yet Nymph.
Amar. " What was't you said?
Corisc. " Do you know my *Lisetta*?
Amar. " Who, the Maid
" That tends thy Flocks?
Corisc. " The same: She's all his joy.
Amar. " A proper choyce for one that was so coy.
Corisc. But will you know what Magick's in her Arms,
And what great pains he takes to meet her Charms.
" He feigns to go a Hunting. But i'th' heat
" Of all the sport, he does by stealth retreat
" From his Companions, and comes all alone
" Into my Garden, by a way unknown.
" Where underneath a Haw-thorn-hedges shade,
" The Gardens fence, the poor expecting Maid
" Hears his hot sighs and amorous pray'rs; which she
" Comes Laughing afterwards, and tells to me.
Amar. 'Tis well.
Corisc. Now hear my plot, and let my Friendship prove
My industrious Zeal to Crown your Sacred Love.
" I think you know, that the same Law which does
" Enjoyn the Woman to observe her Vows
" To her Contracted, likewise does Enact,
" That if the Woman catch him in the fact
" Of falsehood, all her tyes and contracts cease,
And she'has free pow'r to Marry where she please.
Amar. " I know Examples. *Egle* having found
" *Lycotas* false, remain'd her self unbound.
Corisc. " Now hear me out: My Maid by me set on,
" Has bid her Credulous Lover meet anon
" In yonder Cave with her, whence he remains
" The most contented of all living Swains.
" And waits but th'hour. You shall surprize him there:
" And I too as your Witness, will be near.
Amar. Already I've a prospect of my Bliss.
" I like it rarely, but the way———
Corisc. " 'Tis this.
" In th'middle of the Cave, oth' right hand, lyes
" Another lesser Grot. There thou shalt hide
" Thy self; and hidden in that place abide
" Till the two Lovers come: I mean to send
" *Lisetta* first, and after her, her Friend;

" Following

" Following aloofe my ſelf; and when I have
" Perceiv'd him ſafely Lodg'd within the Cave,
I will ruſh after him, and at my cryes
You ſhall come in, and the falſe Swain ſurprize:
" That done, ſhall take the penalty oth' Law:
" I, and *Liſetta* then will ſtrait with-draw,
" And to the Prieſt; and then thou ſhalt untye
" This Fatal Knot.

Amar. " Before his Father?

Coriſc. Why?

" What matters that? Think'ſt thou *Montanoes* blood
" Will ſtand in Ballance with his Countrys good.

Amar. " Go on then; ſetting all diſputes aſide,
' I wink, and follow thee my faithful Guide.

Coriſc. " Then linger not, dear Nymph, but enter in.

Amar. " Before this mighty enterprize begin,
I'le to the Temple, and the Gods adore:
And by my Prayers from Heav'n, ſucceſs implore. *Exit.*

Coriſc. " Go, and return then quickly. How I'm pleas'd!
Of half my Troubles I'm already eas'd.
" But to go on, there's ſomething muſt be done
" T' abuſe my honeſt Lover *Coridon*:
" I'le ſay I'le meet him in the Cave, and ſo
" Will make him after *Amaryllis* go.
" That done, by a back-way I'le thither ſend
" The Prieſt of *Cynthia*, her to Apprehend;
" Guilty ſhe will be found, and by our Laws ſhe dyes,
The cauſe of all *Mirtilloes* Cruelties.

Enter Mirtillo.

" He's here—— I'le ſound him till ſhe comes: Now riſe,
" Riſe all my Love into my Tongue, and Eyes.

Mirt. " Hear ye damn'd Spirits that in Hell lament,
" Hear a new ſort of pain and puniſhment:
" See in a Turtles look a Tygers mind;
" She crueller than death, 'cauſe ſhe did find
" One death could not ſuffice her bloody will;
" And that to live was to be dying ſtill,
" Enjoyns me not to make my ſelf away,
" That I may dye a thouſand times a day.

Coriſc. How fares your Love, *Mirtillo*, ſince you came
From your dear charming Nymph—— } *aſide.*
Curſe on the Name }

Mirt. " As one who in a violent Feaver caſt,
" And is forbidden Liquor, longs to taſt:
" Which got, he greedily ſets to his mouth,
" And thus he quenches Life, but cannot Drouth.

Coriſc. " Love over us, no pow'r can e're receive
" But what our ſlaviſh ſelves, *Mirtillo*, give

" When by his fond deſires mans Soul is brought
" So poorly to be fetter'd to one Thought;
" Love quickly tyrannizes in his Breaſt,
" And ſtraight grows up a Maſter from a Gueſt.

Mirt. Should not one Thought fill up *Mirtilloes* Heart:
Is hers a Beauty to deſerve but part?

Coriſc. " How weak, how ill a Bargain, fooliſh Swain,
" You make, to exchange kindneſs for diſdain?

Mirt. " The Cruelty of Beauty does refine
" A Lover's Faith, as Fire the Golden Mine.
" Where were the ſacred Loyalty of Love,
" If charming Women did not Tyrants prove?

Coriſc. " Oh wretched and unhappy thoſe, in whom
" That fooliſh Idol, Conſtancy, finds room.
" Come rouze, *Mirtillo*, know your nobler parts:
" Look out, you cannot want a thouſand hearts.

Mirt. Though ſcorn'd and hated, I had rather fall
Her dying Victim, than command 'em all.

Coriſc. Oh horror! how he tortures me. [*aſide*
No doubt
You are poſſeſt with ſome kind flattering thought,
That though an outward ſcorn ſhe's pleas'd to ſhow,
Like burning Mountains cover'd ore with Snow,
There's heat within, Enchanted Dreamer, no.

Mirt. " Theſe are but Trophies of my conſtant Love,
" By which Il'e triumph o're the Gods above;
" O're Men below, my Torments and her Hate;
" O're Fortune and the World, o're Death and Fate.

Coriſc. " Wonder of Conſtancy! if this man knew } *aſide.*
" How much he's lov'd by her, what would he do? }
Mirtillo, were you e're in love before?

Mirt. Her, and her only can my Soul adore.

Coriſc. Then it ſhould ſeem your Heart was never laid,
But at the Feet of ſome diſdainful Maid.
" Oh that 't had been thy chance but once to be
" In love with one that's gentle, courteous, free.
" Try that a little, try it, and thou'lt find
" How ſweet it is to meet with one that's kind.
" How pleaſant 'tis to have thy Miſtreſs twine
" About thy Neck, and her Sighs eccho thine.
" And after ſay, My Joy, All that I have,
" All that I am, and thy deſires can crave,
" At thy Devotion is. If I am fair,
" For thee I'm fair; for thee I deck this hair.
" This Face, this Boſom from this Breaſt of mine,
" I turn'd out my own heart to harbour thine.

Mirt. Happy's the man that's born under a Star
So fortunate!

Coriſc.

Coriſc. " Dull Swain; a Nymph as fair
" As the proud'ſt ſhe that curls and ſpreads to th' Air
" Her beauteous Treſſes worthy of thy love,
" As thou of hers: The honour of this Grove,
" Love of all hearts, by every worthier Swain,
" In vain ſollicited, adored in vain,
" Does Love thee only, and thee only prize
" More than her life, and for that love ſhe dies.
Mirt. If ſuch a Nymph there be, conceal her Name;
To all my other Tortures add not ſhame.
Let me not know ſhe ſuffers for my ſake,
And bluſh to think I no return can make.
Coriſc. " However try what kindneſs is, taſt both.
Mirt. "Diſtemper'd Pallats all ſweet things do loath.
Coriſc. " Uncharitable Youth, art not thou poor,
" And can'ſt thou beat a Beggar from thy door?
Mirt. " What Alms can Beggars give? Alas! I 'ave ſworn
Allegiance, and a Traytor cannot turn.
Coriſc. " Blind Youth, who is it thou art conſtant to?
" I am unwilling to add Woe to Woe.
But can I ſee thee cheated and betrayed,
Her Honour ſold, thy Sighs her Paſtime made,
And yet not ſpeak? " No doubt but you ſuppoſe,
" This Cruelty from her ſtrict Vertue grows:
Thou art abuſed, that tireſome Vanity,
Call'd Innocence, ſhe has long ſince laid by.
Mirt. And can your Profanation ſwell ſo high?
Coriſc. You'll not believe!
Mirt. Believe thee.
Coriſc. Then go on
In wilful Ignorance, and be undone.
Mirt. " O Torture! I muſt die if this be true.
" *Coriſc.* No, live dull man, and thy Revenge purſue.
And though I know it will your Heart-ſtrings tear,
Her Falſhood I muſt ſpeak, and you muſt hear.
"Then to convince you, ſee you yonder Cave;
" That is your Mrs. Faith and Honours Grave.
" In ſhort, there oft a baſe-born Shepherd warms
" Thy Virtuous *Amaryllis* in his Arms.
There ſhe her Bliſs, her Life, her Heaven does find:
The Ivy to the Oak's not half ſo kind.
" Now go and ſigh, and whine, and conſtant prove
" To that kind Nymph that thus rewards thy Love.
Mirt. " Ah me *Coriſca*, doſt thou tell me true?
" And is it fit I ſhould believe thee too?
Coriſc. " Truth is, I did not ſee it, but thou may'ſt,
" And preſently, for ſhe her Word has paſt

" To

" To meet him there this very hour. But hide
" Thy ſelf beneath this ſhady Hedges ſide,
" And thou ſhalt ſee her enter into th' Cave,
" And after her, her happy amorous Slave.
Mirt. So quickly muſt I dye?
" *Coriſc.* " See, I have ſpyed
" Her coming down already by the ſide
" O'th' Temple. Mark how guiltily ſhe moves;
" Her ſtealing pace betraying their ſtoln Loves.
" To mark the ſequel, do you here remain,
" And afterwards we two will meet again. *Exit.*
Mirt. " Since the diſcovery of the Truth's ſo near,
" With my Belief I will my Death defer.

Enter Amaryllis.

Amar. " I from the Temple come as light as Air:
" How much Heav'n liſtens to a Virgins Prayer?
" I kneel'd and pray'd, and ſtraight I felt, me thought,
Another Soul into my Body Shot.
" Which whiſper'd, fear not, *Amaryllis*, go
" Securely on. Yes, and I will do ſo,
" Heav'n guiding me. Fair Queen of Love, befriend
" Her, who on thee for ſuccour does depend:
" Thou that as Queen in the third Orb doſt ſhine,
" If e'er thou felt'ſt thy Sons flames pity mine.
" An humbler Votareſs ne're kneelt before thy Shrine.
" Securely Enter; oh *Mirtillo*, oh } *Goes into*
" *Mirtillo*, couldſt thou dream for what I go. } *the Cave.*
Mirt. " I wake and ſee what I could wiſh t'have been
" Born without Eyes, that I might not have ſeen.
" Or rather not to have been born; curſt Fate,
" Why haſt thou thus prolong'd my Lifes ſad Date?
" To bring me to this killing Spectacle!
" *Mirtillo* more tormented than in Hell.
Dye then, *Mirtillo* dye——— How dye, and give
The Traytor leave my Ruin to out-live.
" You that enjoy my Spoils, who e're you are,
" Since I muſt fall, ſhall my Deſtruction ſhare.
Back to my Covert then I will repair,
And when the Villain ſhall approach, he dies.
" But is't not baſe to kill him by ſurprize?
" What if her Wrongs I openly ſhould right?
" That would proclaim the cauſe for which we fight.
" Dye baſely then thou baſe Adulterer.
" That haſt ſlain me, and haſt diſhonour'd her.
" I, but the blood may, if I kill him here.
" The Murder ſhow, and that the Murderer.

" What

" What need I care ? Yes, but the Murther known,
" Betrays the cauſe for which the Murder's done.
But her ſtain'd blood, has not ſo quench'd my flame;
I'de kill her Guilt, but would not wound her Fame.
" Cloſe then in Branches on the Rock's left ſide,
" Within the Mouth oth' Cave, my ſelf I'le hide :
And when I ſee her impious Minion come,
Ile give the Adulterer and her ſhame one Tomb.

Enter Sylvano.

" And your dear Foot-ſteps which I long have trac'd
" In vain, un-erring path lead me at laſt
" To where my Love is hid. To you I bow,
" Your Print I follow. Oh *Coriſca*, now
I do believe thee. Now thou haſt told me true.

[*Goes into the Cave.*

Sylv. " Does he believe *Coriſca*, and purſue
" Her ſteps to *Erycinas* Cave? A Beaſt
" Has Wit enough to apprehend the reſt.
Is there a Devil like a Woman damn'd
In Luſt? Not Hell is half ſo much inflam'd?
Her Guilt and ſhame is but too plain,
" This Strumpet to this Swain her ſelf has ſold
Bewitching Luſt, but more bewitching Gold.
" And here by the falſe Light now of this Vault,
" Delivers the bad Ware which he has bought;
" Or rather 'tis Heav'ns Juſtice that has ſent
" Her hither to receive her puniſhment
" From my Revenging Hands. The words he ſaid,
" Seem'd to imply ſome promiſe ſhe had made,
" Which he believed : and by his ſpying here
" Her print, that ſhe's within the Cave, 'tis clear.
" Do wiſely then, and ſtop the Mouth o'th Cave
" With that great hanging Stone, that they may have
" No means of ſcaping ; to the Prieſt then go,
" And bring by the back way, which few men know,
" His Miniſters to take her in the Fact ;
And by her death, my deareſt Vengeance act.
Juſtice, Revenge, Heav'n and my injur'd Love,
Joyn all your Pow'rs with mine, this Rock to move.

[*Shuts the Cave with a piece of the Rock.*

" So now the Fox is trapt, and finely ſhut
" Where ſhe had Earth'd her ſelf. I'le ſtraight go put
" Fire to the hole ; where I could wiſh to find
" The reſt of Women to deſtroy the kind.

Exit.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT the Fourth. Scene the Firſt.

Enter Coriſca.

Coriſc. "THis day has Heav'n and Earth, Nature and Art,
" Fortune and Fate, Friend and Foe ta'ne my part.
" How much more happily (to make her ſin
" Look more like Truth) Fate brought *Mirtillo* in,
" Then I contriv'd to have brought *Coridon*?
And how as luckily was that great Stone
Roll'd by *Sylvano* o're the mouth o'th Cave?
Who cou'd expect ſuch Service from that Slave?

Enter Sylvano.

Sylv. Coriſca here! thou damn'd perfidious Cheat;
I thought by this I had cur'd your amorous heat.
How comes it, Devil that I find thee here?

Coriſc. To find me here, where lies the wonder? where
Did you expect me?

Sylv. To have found thee fool'd
Snar'd and betray'd, thy wanton courage cool'd;
Led to a Temple, there t' have undergone
That Puniſhment my Vengeance had pull'd down,
And thy loud crimes deſerv'd: I thought I ſhou'd
Have ſeen
Shame written in thy Forehead, and thy Blood.

Coriſc. Audacious Slave!

Sylv. Was not that Stone enough
To hold ye? are not Rocks and Marble Proof
Againſt the Aſſaults of Luſt? How got ye off?
Speak Sorcereſs!

Coriſc. What does the Traytor mean?

Sylv. How got you out o' th' Cave, that dear dark Scene
Of Villany; t'eſcape the Miniſter
Of Juſtice, which I ſent to ſeize you there?
Have you broke Priſons, or ſubverted Laws,
Or baffled Juſtice; made your impious cauſe
Like thoſe fair Looks which your falſe Colours paint?
Acted a Devil and appear'd a Saint?
Which of 'em was't? or was it all? ſay, how?
All this bewitching Womans power can do.

Coriſc. I ſcorn thy Imputations ſavage Slave.
'Twas *Amaryllis* that was found i'th' Cave.

And

And with *Mirtillo* caught, th'Adultreſs dies.
Can thy black Soul, with all its Treacheries,
Father on guiltleſs me thy barb'rous Lyes.

Sylv. Did he not name your Name in entring in,
And ſay you had told him true —— Oh I begin
To find the Cheat, ſome trick to take her head.
Nothing that's truth can from thy Tongue proceed.
I'le to the Prieſt, and clear her of the guilt.
No blood but thine ſhall by my rage be ſpilt.
I'le ſwear thy Treaſons, and her death prevent;
And falſe, or true, I'le prove her Innocent. [*offers to go.*

Coriſc. Sylvano ſtay, and hear me e're you go.
God's! for a little of the Woman now.
This Villain if his flight I do not ſtay,
Will ruine all my Love, and all my Plots betray. *aſide.*
You've often ſaid you lov'd *Coriſca.*

Sylv. True.

Coriſc. And ſhe has often ſaid, that ſhe lov'd you.

Sylv. And I, Fool as I was, believ'd you too.

Coriſc. Why was that Faith a Crime? how can you ſtill
See by falſe Lights, and read my thoughts ſo ill?
How oft my ſeeming falſehood you've purſu'd,
Even to my death, and ſought my guiltleſs blood?
Nay, when your Jealouſie ſo high could ſwell,
And your blind fears, you thought, diſcern'd ſo well,
You ſee kind Heav'n does your Errour prevent,
And, cruel Man, you find me Innocent.

Sylv. Becauſe I once have had a falſe diſtruſt,
Therefore my Jealouſie muſt ne're be juſt.

Coriſc. Well, if I am ſtill that Monſter you ſuppoſe,
However, ſure ſome ſign of Love it ſhews;
When I can tamely hear you treat me thus,
And yet forgive a ſtyle ſo infamous.

Sylv. Oh *Syren*, canſt thou Love? How many Rogues
And Villains, odious Slaves, and hated Dogs
Have I been call'd; and treated like 'em too?
Do, call this Love, yes perjur'd Woman, do.

Coriſc. To thoſe harſh words, I was by paſſion driven:
Things done in ſtorms, ſhould be in calms forgiven.
Beſides, I have been treated too as ill;
And yet through all your Rage, you lov'd me ſtill.

Sylv. And you deſerv'd it; you can't leſs than prove
A Miracle of Faith, of Truth and Love:

You've ſuch a wond'rous ſtock: ask *Corydon*,
Philander, *Strephon*, *Niſo*, *Clitophon*,
Philiſides, *Geron*, *Thyrſis*, *Doreo*.
By all thoſe Legions of your Loves you're true.
Coriſc. How can your fears ſuch wild Chimæra's frame?
Can you my harmleſs Converſation blame?
Sylv. How harmleſly you their kind Viſits paid,
Witneſs the Aſſignations you have made,
The Preſents you receiv'd, the curſed Gold,
For which your Vowes were broke, and Honour ſold.
Coriſc. Can you object the Gifts and Treats they made,
And think thoſe Tributes were with Love repaid?
Our Companies requite the Treats we take,
And our Acceptance pays the Gifts they make.
I kept them company—— was it ill done
To hear all Loves, when I receiv'd but one?
Sylv. Oh Cunning!
Coriſc. She beſtows a worthleſs Heart,
Whoſe feeble Eyes had never but one Dart.
'Tis a dull Prize that's never ſought but once;
But thus their weak Pretences I renounce:
I'm all *Sylvano*'s ſacred and entire.
Sylv. Magick and Witchcraft, I ſhall take new fire.
Coriſc. Alas! I made you jealous on deſign,
T'aſſure your Love before I made you mine.
Since Marriage is a bond that ties till death,
Could I have too much trial of your Faith?
Sylv. Death and the Devil! I am ſnar'd agen.
The tame and ſilly loving Fool's got in.
Coriſc. Men beſt expreſs how Treaſures they eſteem,
By the concern they ſhew in loſing 'em.
Your rage and ſtorms to think me perjur'd, prove
The violence and ardence of your Love.
And to requite the tedious pains you've born,
Accept in bluſhes this laſt juſt return. *Gives him her Hand.*
To morrow at the Altar ſeal my heart.
Sylv. Thou wilt be true, thou muſt——by Heav'ns thou art. *Kiſſes her hand.*
Coriſc. In all my Charms there my dear Love I'le meet,
And lay my Soul at kind *Sylvano*'s feet.
But one thing I forget;
Do not defend that naughty Woman's cauſe,
Let the lewd ſhameful Wretch ſuffer the Laws.

They

They have met there before, a hundred times:
But let her die, vile Creature, for her Crimes.
I hate that odious ſin ſo much; may all
That practiſe it, as much unpittied fall.
Sylv. Forgive me, if I take my ſelf away:
To morrows bliſs permits me not to ſtay,
I muſt prepare for our dear Nuptial day.
And the bright Sun when he ſalutes the Skie,
No *Perſian* ſhall adore ſo much as I:
But ſee I find you true.
Coriſc. Can you ſuſpect me now?
By my Religion and my Life, I'm true.
Sylv. Pray Heaven this pious Reſolution laſt,
For to your Sex that Grace comes not in haſt.
Coriſc. Why this miſtruſt?
Sylv. You know you never told me truth before.
Coriſc. Now you're unkind.
Sylv. Well, I'le ſuſpect no more.
I will believe you juſt, and live in hope
Falſhood in Woman, is a ſtream may ſtop.
Grant ye great Gods (that one kind wonder do)
Once in a life a Woman may ſpeak true. *Exit.*
Coriſc. Poor credulous Fool—— What dangers did I ſhun?
Had I not us'd this Cheat, I had been undone.
Had the bold Slave appear'd in her defence,
He had cruſh'd my Plots, and prov'd her Innocence.
But now thanks to my Wit;
His Preparations for his faithful Bride,
No doubt has found him work enough beſide.
Proud Rival, nothing now thy Fate ſhall ſtay:
The gawdy Sacrifice muſt bleed to day. *Exit.*

SCENE the Second.

Enter Montano, Amaryllis *bound, with Attendants.*

Mont. "Baſe preſent Age, which doſt with thy impure
"Delights the beauty of the Soul obſcure,
"Teaching to nurſe a Dropſie in the Veins,
Bridling the look, but giv'ſt deſire the Reins.
"Thus like a Net that's ſpread, and cover'd lies
"With Leaves and tempting Flowers, thou doſt diſguiſe
"With coy and holy Guiles a Woman's heart,
"Mak'ſt Life a Play, and Vertue but a Part.

" They think it not a fault Loves Sweets to ſteal,
" So from the World they can the Theft conceal.
Amar. " Had I been guilty, then it wou'd have been
" Leſs grievous to me to have Death pay ſin.
But now to die thus innocent, in all
" My Pride of Youth and Fortune thus to fall,
" Is a ſad caſe.
Mont. A ſad one 'tis indeed,
When at one ſtroke th' *Arcadian* hopes muſt bleed.
Thou born of Heavenly Race, born to aſſwage
A Nations Grief, t' appeaſe a Goddeſs Rage:
" One that for Heavenly Beauty, merited
" Temples and ſacred Victims, to be led
" Thy ſelf to th' Altar as a Sacrifice.
" Who could behold it without melting Eyes?
Oh wretched Fall!
Amar. " For all this have not I
" Tranſgreſt the Law, but innocently die.
" Muſt I then die, *Montano*, muſt I die?
" None left to hear, none to defend me left?
" Of all abandon'd, of all hope bereft?
" Only of ſuch a mocking pity made
" The wretched Object as affords no aid.
Mont. Be patient Nymph, and give me cauſe to tell,
" Though thou didſt ill, yet that thou ſuffer'ſt well.
" Look up to Heaven, that gave thee birth, and be
" Content with what is writ above for thee.
Amar. Oh 'tis a cruel Sentence, whether given
By Men or Gods, or writ in Earth or Heaven:
But writ in Heaven I am ſure it cannot be,
For that does my unſullied boſom ſee;
And there my injur'd Innocence is known,
Stands fair, and ſhines before th' Eternal Throne.
" But what does that avail, if I my Life muſt pay?
Mirt. Who fears to die, dies every hour i' th' day.
" Why hang'ſt thou back, and draw'ſt a painful breath?
" Death has no ill in 't, but the fear of Death:
" And they that die when they have heard their Doom,
" Fly from their Death.
Amar. " Perhaps ſome help may come.
Mont. Good Nymph no more, our Duty calls us hence,
I with your ſtay no longer can diſpence.
Amar. " Dear Woods adieu then, my dear Woods adieu,
" Receive theſe Sighs (my laſt ones) into you,

" Till

" Till my cold ſhade, forc'd from her ſeat by dire
" And unjuſt Steel, to your lov'd ſhades retire;
" For ſink to Hell it can't, being Innocent,
" Nor ſoar to Heaven, laden with diſcontent.
" *Mirtillo*, dear *Mirtillo*, moſt accurſt
" The day I ſaw, the day I pleas'd thee firſt:
Without thy Love, death would leſs frightful be;
My greateſt pain in death, is, loſing thee.

Enter Coriſca.

Is this the Nymph accuſes me, dear Friend,
Thy goodneſs cannot to ſuch Crimes deſcend;
Reſcue my Honour, and my Life defend.

Coriſc. Dear *Amaryllis*, your own Actions blame;
You loſt my Friendſhip when you loſt your Fame.

Amar. Nay, then my ruin does too plain appear,
I little thought ſuch Treaſon Harbour'd here.

Coriſc. Treaſon! Heaven knows my heart.— Treaſon in me?
No, I'de not wrong my mortal Enemy:
Becauſe I've ſpoyl'd her amorous deſign,
She would repair her Fame by wounding mine:
But Sir, I am a Witneſs of her ſin,
I ſaw this wanton Nymph ſteal ſoftly in:
A glowing colour all her Face o're ſpread;
It made me bluſh to ſee her look ſo red.
At her approach, behind a Buſh I ſtept,
And unperceiv'd, my watching ſtation kept:
The eager Youth came after her in haſt;
His looks leſs fearful, and his ſteps more faſt,
And bluſtring, ruſht into the Cave, whilſt I,
Oh the ſtrange Charms of Curioſity——

Amar. Oh my tir'd patience! Oh thou barbarous
Inhumane Nymph, t' abuſe my Virtue thus;
What Treacheries did ever I deſign
Againſt thy blood, that thou ſhould'ſt thirſt for mine.

Coriſc. Abuſe thy Virtue! thou haſt none to wrong;
But not to make th' unpleaſing tale too long,
Cloſe to the Rock my liſt'ning Ear I laid,
And th' hollow Cave this gentle ſound convey'd;
On the cold ground, as the Nymph panting lay,
In a faint dying Voyce, I heard her ſay,
What ſhift does poor Love make? to which the Swain,
With a brisk joy, thus Anſwer'd her again:

No

No ſhining Monarchs in their Beds of Gold,
And their proud Arms do ſo much Treaſure hold,
Not half my Bliſs, not half thy ſweetneſs taſt.
Amar. Oh torture me no more, dear Sir, make haſt,
Send me to Execution, let me dye;
'Tis worſe than death to hear this Blaſphemy. [*Ex. guarded.*
Coriſc. See with what haſt ſhe takes her ſelf away;
Her guilt's ſo terrible, ſhe dares not ſtay:
Yet there's ſuch winning Beauty in her Face,
That I proteſt, were I to judge her caſe,
My tender-hearted nature is ſo good,
I ſhould forgive her ſin: I Vow I ſhou'd. *Exit.*
Mont. "Fair Golden Age, when Milk was th' only Food:
"The Cradle of the Infant-World the Wood,
"Rockt by the Winds; when th' untoucht Flock did bear
"Their dear Young for themſelves. None then did fear
"The Sword or Poyſon; no black thoughts begun
"T' Eclipſe the light of the Eternal Sun:
"Nor wandring pines unto a foreign ſhore,
"Or War, or Riches (a worſe miſchief) bore.
"That Idol, Honour, which th' Ambitious blinds,
"Was not till now the Tyrant of our minds;
No Lawleſs wiſhes then, no Perjuries
Corrupted Love; then the blind God had Eyes.
"Husband and Lover ſignifi'd one thing;
"True Love, and the delights true Love does bring,
"Was Honour to thoſe ſober minds that knew
"No Happineſs, but what from Virtue grew;
Dear Heaven that ſtate of Innocence renew. *Exit.*

Enter Mirtillo.

Mirt. Wretched *Mirtillo*, to the Temple flye,
And there behold thy *Amaryllis* dye,
A Martyr to thy groundleſs Jealouſie.
Oh damn'd *Coriſca*, thou Infernal Hag;
Do, boaſt thy Treaſons, and thy Trophies brag;
And as the greateſt Curſe that I can give,
May'ſt thou but dye with half the pains I live.

SCENE

SCENE the Third.

Enter Dorinda *diſguis'd in a Coat of Furs.*

Dorind. Sylvio, when I appear in my own ſhape,
Takes all the care my preſence to eſcape;
And when my ſighs I utter, then he ſpeaks
With ſo much ſcorn, that my poor heart he breaks;
But thus diſguis'd I may his Foot-ſteps trace,
" Securely gaze upon his lovely Face.
" Live in the Sun-ſhine his fair Eyes do caſt,
Follow my Love, and near my Heaven be plac'd.
But what if he ſhould ſee through my Diſguiſe?
Tho Love, they ſay, is blind, yet Hate has Eyes.
Wretched *Dorinda*, every way thou'rt loſt:
Was ever poor unhappy Maid ſo croſt?
Well, from my Love you too unkindly flye,
The Nymphs will chide you *Sylvio* when I dye.
I'm the laſt Conqueſt too you e're will make:
For none of 'em will Love you for my ſake.
Wearied and tir'd, I grow ſo faint, I'le try
If I can ſleep, in yonder brake I'le lye,
If they can ſleep that Love ſo much as I. *Exit.*

Enter Sylvio, *with* Linco *and other Shepherds*; *a Bores Head being carry'd before him in Tryumph, the Shepherds Sing.*

" Oh glorious Youth, true Child of Hercules,
" That kilſt with eaſe ſuch Monſtrous Beaſts as theſe.

Lynco, " Oh glorious Conqueror, by whom lyes ſlain
" The terrour of th' *Arcadian* plain:
" This is the famous Trophy, Noble Toyle
" Of him whom we our Demi-god muſt ſtile:
" Extol his great Name Shepherds, and this day
" Keep ever Solemn, ever Holy-day.

The

The Shepherds Sing.

" *Oh glorious Youth, true Child of* Hercules,
" *That Kilſt with eaſe ſuch Monſtrous Beaſts as theſe.*

Lynco. " Oh glorious Youth, who didſt deſpiſe thy own
" For others ſafeties.
Sylv. All that I have done,
Was but my duty. " Vertue climbs her Throne
" By theſe ſteep ſtairs and the high Gods have ſet
" Danger and Toyle before her Pallace Gate.

The Shepherds Song.

Thanks Conqueror to thee; no more ſhall the Clown
Be ſcar'd from the Plough, and the Tillage lay down;
" *He ſhall ſow the Plump Seed, and from Earths pregnant Womb.*
" *Expect the wiſht fruit when the Seaſon is come:*
No more ſhall the Shepherds be frightned away,
The Nymphs and their Loves in the Forreſts ſhall play.
Chor. No more ſhall the Shepherds, *&c.*

Lync. " Such peradventure was the famous Boar
" *Alcides* ſlew, yet ſo thy glory's more;
" 'Tis thy firſt labour but his third.
" But with wild Beaſts thy Infant Valour plays,
" To kill worſe Monſters in thy riper days.
Sylv. " But ſtay, I ſee, unleſs my Eyes miſtake,
" A greyiſh thing at Couch in yonder brake:
" Sure ſome wild Beaſt, moſt certainly 'tis one:
More Triumphs ſtill, my Victories to Crown.
Direct this Arrow by thy power Divine,
And *Cynthia*, the devoted Head is thine.

[Sylvio *draws an Arrow and ſhoots; at which* Lynco, *and ſome of the other Shepherds go out.*

Sylv. " What have I done, what have my Eyes beheld?
" In a Beaſts Skin I have a Shepherd kill'd:
Sylvio an end to all thy Triumphs give;
" Throw down thy Weapons and inglorious live.

Enter

Enter Lynco *and the former Shepherds, leading in* Dorinda *bleeding, as wounded with an Arrow.*

Lync. Lean gently on my Arm.
Dorin. May I not know———
Sylv. Dorinda!
Dorin. To what hand my death I owe?
Lync. To *Sylvio*'s.
Dorin. Muſt I *Sylvio*'s Martyr prove?
Sylv. How ill, poor Nymph, have I repaid thy Love!
Dor. Kill'd by ſo dear a hand!
Sylv. How can I gaze
On ſo much ruine? dare I ſee that Face
And live? No, fly thy guilt, fly thy diſgrace;
" Yet ſomething holds me, and would make me run
" To her, whom I of all the World did ſhun.
Dorin. Why do you look ſo wildly——— do not ſtart
At what you've done; if you have ſtruck my heart,
It was your own, and that can be no fault:
" Thoſe hands to wound me, your fair Eyes have taught.
Sylv. Run *Lynco*, fly, and bring ſome quick relief;
Bring all your help, Friends, Arts, to ſave her life;
Fly as you value my eternal Bliſs. [*Exit* Lynco.
Dorin. This Care is wondrous kind, indeed it is.
But now I fear it comes too late.
Sylv. Too late!
Divert, ye Gods, this bloody Scene of Fate,
And ſave her life, or I muſt ever howl:
Horrors and Hell will haunt my tortur'd Soul.
Dorin. Wipe your dear Eyes, this grief I cannot ſee;
You are too good to be diſturb'd for me.
But if you think my death a fault has been,
Let me enjoyn the Penance for your ſin:
When I am dead, dear *Sylvio*, do but come
Once in a day, and viſit my cold Tomb;
And when you ſee the pretty Garlands hung
About my Grave, to ſhew I dy'd ſo young,
And think how the bewailing Nymphs all met,
With trembling hands the Cypreſs Branches ſet,
And mixt the flowers, their tender Eyes all wet;
When you ſhall read upon the little Stone,
Here lies Dorinda *by her Love undone*,

And o're my duſt the weeping Marble ſee,
Then with a ſigh you will remember me.
Sylv. Remember thee! is this weak Tribute all
That I muſt pay for thy unhappy fall?
Dorin. And is not this enough? Will you do more
Then ſigh for my poor ſake; nay, then you ſhall weep too,
And mourn for me, as I have done for you.
Say, will you not?
Sylv. Is that all I can pay?
A Pious Mourner at your Grave I'le ſtay,
And on your Marble weep my life away.
Why could our meeting Souls no ſooner join?
Now dear *Dorinda* I am entirely thine.
Dorind. Then I'le die pleas'd, if death hath made you mine.
Sylv. Muſt ſo much Goodneſs die? when thou art dead,
And all that's dear on Earth's for ever fled;
Thus o're thy Duſt I'le hang my drooping Head.
Dorin. But will you wiſh I were alive agen?
Sylv. More then for Heaven.
Dorind. But would you love me then?
Sylv. More than the Saints love Bliſs: I'de be all thine:
No Conſtancy, no Faith, no Love like mine.
Dorind. With joy before I could my life reſign.
But death will now but little welcome find.
Now I'de fain live to hear you ſpeak thus kind.

Enter Lynco *and* Dameta,

Sylv. Oh ſave her life, with hers redeem my Fate: [*to* Da.
Reſtore her Heaven, but if I pray too late,
If Faith on Earth the Gods above regard,
With Conſtellations, and with Crowns reward,
No common Coronet's reſerv'd for thee
In Heav'n, in Hell no common pains for me.

Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT the Fifth

SCENE, the Temple of *Diana.*

Amaryllis *appears bound, with Guards of* Shepherds *attended with a Heads-man and an Ax.*

Enter to her Mirtillo, *who kneels to her.*

Amar. *Mirtillo* riſe; this poſture does not fit
My dying ſtate: And though our Sex admit
Such humble Tribute in their Pomp and Pride,
Now I muſt lay that vanity aſide.
Mirt. If ſo much Innocence muſt bleed, and all
Th'unaiding Gods can ſee ſuch Virtue fall,
Where all my Vows, and all my Prayers are due,
Be not offended if thus low I bow;
You are a part of Heav'n, and 'tis my Duty now.
Amar. Mirtillo, do not chide me when I own,
I grieve in death we two muſt part ſo ſoon.
Mirt. Oh my charm'd Ears! dear Excellence go on.
Amar. Had Life been mine I had kept this ſecret hid;
But Modeſties ſtrict Laws, ſure can't forbid
To own my kindneſs now. Yet if it be
A fault, my dear *Mirtillo* to impart
The tender Secrets of a dying Heart,
I ſhall be quickly puniſht for my ſin:
That Tongue that utters it, ne're ſpeaks again.
And you'l ſoon ſee in Scarlet currents flow,
That blood that bluſhes when I tell you ſo.
Mirt. What divine Raptures from this ſweetneſs flow!
But after all theſe Bleſſings muſt you die?
Never was happineſs wound up ſo high,
To break ſo ſoon.
Amar. Since I have gone thus far,
I can't but let you all my weakneſs hear.

By a feign'd Plot the falſe *Coriſca* laid,
Into that fatal Cave I was betray'd,
To have found *Sylvio* falſe; and enter'd in,
By the juſt forfeit of his faithleſs Sin,
To break the Fetters I was doom'd to wear;
And ſo recal my Vows to pay 'em here.

Mirt. Now t' all this dazling kindneſs hear
From me, the barbarous return I made:
I too was to that fatal Cave betray'd.
I ſaw you enter in, and my blind Jealouſie
By falſe *Coriſca's* Arts was rais'd ſo high,
That my accurſt miſguided Soul had fram'd
Thoſe black and hideous Thoughts, for which 'tis damn'd.
I went to find a baſe-born Shepherd there,
Divinely good, and excellently fair.
Now Judge if in the race of man there be
A Devil ſuch as I, or Saint like thee.

Amar. *Mirtillo*, 'twas unkind, 'twas much unkind,

Mirt. Is that the harſheſt name that you can find?
Why was I made the Monſter of Man-kind?
Suſpect ſuch Innocence, ſuch Gooodneſs doubt!
No Infidel but I durſt harbour ſuch a thought.
Juſt Heav'n by your wing'd Lightning let me burn,
And fall a Funeral Taper at her Urn.

Amar. Hold, unkind Sir——

Mirt. Let me go on: What Curſe too great can be
For that Infernal Slave that murders thee?

Amar. As I forgive you, Sir (and may Heav'n too)
No farther this unpleaſing ſtile purſue.

Mirt. Muſt I be ſilent then?

Amar. Yes Sir, you ſhall:
To our unhappy Stars impute my fall.

Mirt. O Miracle of Goodneſs!

Amar. And if e're
You truly lov'd, let your calm looks appear.
This as I'm dying, ſure you can't deny.
'Tis worſe to bear your horrors than to die.

Mirt. Divineſt of thy Sex, thou art obey'd;
I'le ſummon all my Courage to my aid.

Enter

Enter Coriſca.

Coriſca here?

Coriſc. The Prieſt within, and the chief Miniſters
Are feaſting Heav'n with Sacrifice and Pray'rs.
The place is ſafe, and I may ſpeak. Her Guards
Keep diſtance, and I ſhall not be o're heard.

Mirt. Dares thy Accurſed Face——

Coriſc. What diſmal Prologue's there? [*aſide.*
No Sir, it is my kindneſs brings me here.
I come to ſave her life.

Mirt. Wilt thou protect her Life, and clear her Fame.

Coriſc. I will.

Mirt. Then I'le raiſe Altars to thy Name.

Coriſc. When I betray'd you——

Mirt. I forgive the ſin,
Name it no more; thou art all white agen.
Save but her life, and in immortal Charms
I'le live for ever.

Coriſc. Hold. Not in her Arms.

Mirt. What do I hear?

Coriſc. Unſeal your blinded Eyes:
I am that Nymph, who for *Mirtillo* dies,
And once my Rivals Murder had deſign'd,
But thanks to Heav'n I've chang'd that bloody mind.
The Guilt's all gone, but yet the Love remains.
Mirtillo, if in pity to my pains,
You can be mov'd by a ſad Virgin's Prayer,
To ſave my life by killing my Deſpair:
Your hand to me before this Altar give,
And *Amaryllis* for that Grace ſhall live.

Amar. O horror! what a killing ſound is here?

Coriſc. Nor for her ſafety think you pay ſo dear.
I rob you, Sir, of nothing. She can ne're
Be yours; the Bars that Deſtiny has thrown
Betwixt your Loves, have your vain hopes undone.

Amar. By her falſe Accuſations let me die.
If nothing but your Love my Life can buy,
That mighty ſum do not too prodigally pay;
That hour that takes *Mirtillo*'s heart away,
My Death begins. Then let it gently come;
Let me not ſink in Tortures to my Tomb.

Coriſc. Oh my wrack'd heart!

Mirt. Oh

Mirt. Oh my tranſported Soul!
Was ever Love ſo true?
Coriſc. Was ever Fool
So idle? Yes, embrace thy amorous Prize;
Fill thy fond Arms, and glut thy greedy Eyes:
But know in one half hour thy darling dies.
Mirt. Infernal Fiend.
Forgive me; Angel was the word I meant. *Kneels to Coriſca.*
Save but her life, and be my tutelar Saint.

Enter Montano, Ergaſto, Lynco, *and ſeveral* Shepherds *and* Prieſts *in Proceſſion, ſinging.*

SONG.

" Sols *Siſter, Daughter of great* Jupiter,
" *That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphear,*
" *To the blind World.*
" *Thou, whoſe Life-giving and more temp'rate ray*
" *Thy Brother's burning Fury does allay.*
" *Ah! pity thy* Arcadia, *and that Rage*
" *Thou doſt in others, in thy ſelf aſſwage.*

Mirt. "Once more your ſacred Voices all unite,
"And once agen invoke the Queen of Night.

Second SONG.

Where's artleſs Innocence and guiltleſs Loves,
If they are baniſh'd the Arcadian *Groves?*
Fair Cynthia, *though late,*
Pity the Ruins of a World, create
In us true Honour: Vertue's all the State
" *Great Souls ſhould keep. To theſe poor Cells return,*
" *Which were thy Courts, but now thy abſence mourn:*
" *From their dead ſleeps awake,*
All thoſe Lethargick Infidels,
Who following their corrupted Wills,
" *Thee and the Glory of the ancient World forſake.*

Mont. To what dire Prodigies does ſin give Birth?
"The Goddeſs ſweats cold drops of Blood; the Earth
"Is Palſie ſhook; the ſacred Cavern howls
"With ſuch unwonted ſounds as tortur'd Souls

" Send

" Send out of Graves: Our blaſted Victims ſhow
Our Ills too plain, and our Revenge too ſlow.
Mirt. Theſe Prodigies by angry Heaven are ſent
To prove this perjur'd Beauty Innnocent.
Miſtake not, Holy Sir,
When Juſtice ſtrikes, and ſuffering Criminals dye,
The Gods look ſmiling, and ſerene their Sky,
Theſe horrors all from Innocent blood ariſe:
Heaven's only Clouded when the guiltleſs dyes.
Coriſc. How! guiltleſs? would ſhe were: Then theſe chaſt Groves
Had never been profaned with impious Loves.
Her Infamy had then not been ſo loud;
Nor had this Funeral pomp drawn all this mourning crowd.
Mirt. Exquiſite Fiend!
Oh Sir, believe her not.
This Injur'd Virgins Honour has no ſpot.
A purer Saint the undeſerving World ne're grac'd;
A brighter Star in Heav'n was never plac'd:
The Goddeſs you adore is not more Chaſt.
Mont. Forbear this Blaſphemy.
Coriſc. No, let him Rave;
'Tis all the pleaſure that poor Lovers have.
No kindneſs yet? [*aſide to* Mirt.
Mirt. Oh my diſtracted Soul!
Coriſc. Yet yield, and ſhe ſhall live. [to *Mirt.*
Mirt. No Traytreſs.
Coriſc. Conſtant Fool!
Mont. Now Nymph, before the Fatal ſtroke is given,
If thou would'ſt reconcile thy ſelf to Heaven,
Make thy laſt Prayer.
Amar. Kneeling. Since then my Stars my Martyrdom decree,
My injur'd Fame, dear Heav'n, I leave to Thee;
Clear but my ſullyed Name, when I am dead,
And willingly to th' Ax I'le bow my Head.
" My Body to its Native duſt I give:
" My Soul to him, in whom alone I live.
Mirt. If ſhe muſt dye,
Here my laſt Vows I'le ſeal. [*Kneels and kiſſes her hand.*
Mont. Rude Swain forbear,
Such profanation is not ſuffer'd here.
Mirt. You may more eaſily Seas from Seas divide:
Our Souls are joyn'd, and make one mixing Tide.
Mont. Force 'em aſunder } *The Attendants force 'em apart.*
'Tis no wonder Heav'n

Has

Has ſuch dread ſigns of its diſpleaſure given:
When their own Rites they thus polluted ſee,
And from ſuch ſtains not their own Altars free.
Mirt. Is there ſuch Treaſon in a parting kiſs?
For ever torn from all my deareſt bliſs.
Amar. Mirtillo, this is an unkind Divorce;
But let their cruel Rites have their free courſe.
Love at this diſtance, no ſtrict Laws deny:
Thus I'le look bleſſings on You, and then dye.

Enter Carino *and* Dameta.

Car. Hold, hold, your Fatal Doom!
Mirt. My Father here?
Carin. Yes, and thy Father is thy Murderer.
Thou art *Montanoes* Son; and if he give
Her Death, in whom thy Life does only live,
'Tis his own blood he ſpils.
Mont. Take heed bold Man.
Car. Sir I ſpeak truth, and fright me if you can.
The Son you loſt i'th' deluge, is this Youth;
I found him lodged near our *Alpheos* mouth
" Undround: His Cradle like a little boat,
" Into the Woods had carryed him afloat.
Such care had Heav'n——
Mont. Where is *Dameta?*
Dam. Here.
Mont. " When you came back ('tis ſince ſome 20. year)
" From ſeeking of my Child, which the ſwoln brook,
" By'ts rapid Inundations from me took:
" Did you not ſay that you had ſought with pain,
" All that *Alpheo* baths, and all in vain.
" How comes it then——
Dam. Your pardon, Royal Sir,
I went to ſeek him, and I found him there.
But this good Man had kept him as his Son,
And Fear made me conceal what he had done,
Becauſe the Oracle fore told me there,
" *That if the Child then found ſhould e're*
" *Return, he ſhould be like to dye,*
" *By his miſ-guided Fathers Cruelty.*
Mont. " Ah me! it is too clear: This act of mine,
" My Dream and th' Oracle did well Divine.

Why

Why did the Gods protect my drowning Child,
Preſerve my blood to have it thus defil'd ?
Mirt. Great Sir, from whom my Royal Birth I draw,
I claim rhe favour of th' *Arcadian* Law :
When Criminals are doom'd to bleed,
Equals in blood in their Exchange may dye,
And now that Equal to her blood am I.
How can you ſee ſuch Fetters on thoſe hands ?
Make haſt, unty, unty thoſe impious Bands.
And in her place, by the kind Gods decree,
Your *Cynthias* juſter Victim, offer me.
Coriſc. Now all my hopes are ruin'd——
Fooliſh Swain ! [*aſide.*
By my curſt Arts my dear *Mirtillo* ſlain !
Amar. Why generous Youth do you purſue this claim ?
You'll ſave me from the Ax to dye with ſhame.
Mirt. What glory to my Royal Birth I owe,
When to redeem thy Life, my blood may flow.
Coriſc. I cannot ſee him dye. [*aſide.*

Enter Sylvano

If you have pitty for a Virgins Prayer. [*kneels.*
For your own blood, this dear Youths blooming years,
And your *Arcadias* hope——
Sylvan. What do I ſee !
By all the Devils in her Soul, 'tis ſhe.
Coriſc. Alas, I've been unkind——
Mont. What does ſhe ſay ?
Coriſc. To Death with him ; take the fond Fool away.
Pray for his Life ! my dull miſtake forgive.
A Slave ſo ſenſeleſs don't deſerve to live.
Sylvan. By all that's good, ſhe Loves the ſmooth-fac'd Youth.
Sir, I Conjure you by your Love to Truth :
By all your piety, the Gods you fear,
Believe her not ; that Monſter do not hear.
On her own head let your kind Juſtice fall ;
She has Cheated You, Her, Him ; Betray'd you all.
Treaſon's her buſineſs, Poyſon's in her Tears ;
Perdition in her ſoul ; ſhe never Swears,
But ſhe is Perjur'd ; if ſhe ſpeaks, ſhe Lyes ;
And all the Prayers ſhe makes, are Blaſphemies.

Carin. " Thou art the happieſt Father, and moſt dear
" To the immortal Deities; ſee here
" The long-kept ſecret of our Fate made clear.
" Tears of delight in ſuch abundance flow
" From out my heart, I ſcarce can ſpeak. *Our Woe,*
" *Our Woe ſhall end when two of race Divine,*
" *Love ſhall combine,*
" And for a Faithleſs Nymphs Apoſtate ſtate,
" A faithful Shepherd Supererrogate.
Of Heav'nly race is not this Youth, when thine?
And *Amaryllis* is of race Divine.
" And what great Sir, but Love has them combin'd?
Sylvio, by Parents and by Force was joyn'd
" To *Amaryllis*, and is yet as far
" From Loving her, as Love and Hatred are.
Mont. " In what a miſt of Errors, how profound
" A night of Ignorance have I been drownd?
By every Circumſtance 'tis evident
" The fatal Voyce, none but *Mirtillo* meant.
" For who indeed, ſince ſlain *Amintas* Death,
" Expreſt ſuch Love as he? ſuch conſtant Faith?
" Who but *Mirtillo* for his Mrs. wou'd,
" Since true *Amintas*, ſpend his deareſt blood?
" This is that work of Supererrogation;
" This is that faithful Shepherds expiation
For the Apoſtate *Lucrin*'s fact. Now Son,
Compleat a Nations joys, and Crown thy own. [*Gives him* Amaryllis.

Mirt. Then the Immortal Treaſure let me ſeize,
And thus, kind Sir, embrace your ſacred knees.
Amar. Our Loves thus Crown'd, *Ergaſto* flye, and ſave
My wretched mourning Father from a Grave:
Tell him I live, and all his fears remove.
Mirt. Thy Piety's as Charming as thy Love.
Coriſc. Break, break my heart.
Mont. But as the Gods ordain'd
T' unite your hearts, your hearts muſt be unſtain'd.
Heav'n that preſerv'd thy Childhood from the Flood,
By Miracle reſtored thee to my Blood;
And to oblige Mankind, decreed this tye,
Could do no leſs than guard her Chaſtity.
As you dread Tortures, Death, and angry Heav'n, [*to Cor.*
Confeſs her Injuries, and be forgiven.

Repent,

Repents, and ſay ſhe's Innocent.
Coriſc. I do.
I wrong'd you, Sir, but yet I loved you too. [*to Mir.*
Sylvan. Yes, ſhe has loved him, and all Man-kind beſide;
The Sex is not enough to pleaſe her Pride.
Coriſc. Oh how I hate that Face.
Sylvan. I know you do.
Coriſc. Dear World farewel, and all Delights adieu.
Sylvan. Sir, as you ever Faith and Juſtice prize,
Hear from my Tongue that Witche's Sorceries.
Their entrance to the Cave's her Plot, and laid
Only to have her Rival's Life betray'd,
And yet by all the Oaths Art could deſign,
Or faithleſs Woman ever break, ſhe's mine,
And mine by all her Conjurations, nay,
To morrow was to be our Wedding-day:
And all was but a trick to take me hence,
Leſt I ſhould ſtay to prove her Innocence.
Never did ſuch a monſtrous ſpurious Race
Of Nature, Heaven, and Nature's works diſgrace.
Mont. Is all this truth?
Sylvan. Too true.
Mont. Juſt Heav'n forbid.
Falſe Nymph, did you——
Coriſc. I know not what I did;
I cheated him, wrong'd him, deſign'd her Fall;
I have my Pardon, and I own it all.
Mont. Had ever Blood been ſo unjuſtly ſpilt?
But though I have forgiven your ſavage guilt,
I can't permit your breach of Faith, I muſt
Not only pardon you, but make you juſt.
Coriſc. I am all horror.
Mirt. If this falſe-Fair-ones Crimes you can forgive,
And take an humble penitent Fugitive,
She's yours.
Coriſc. Death and Confuſion!
Mont. 'Twas breach of Faith was the provoking guilt,
In all the ſufferings *Arcadia* felt.
But it ſhall end.
Sylv. You could not pleaſe me more,
This Nymph is all the Bleſſings I implore.
I hate her worſe

Than

Than Hell, and of all other hopes bereft, [*aſide.*
Marriage is all the dear Revenge that's left.
Coriſc. Is this your promis'd Mercy?
Let me meet Wracks, Death, any thing but him.
Mont. Is this your Penitence for your pardon'd Crime?
Coriſc. To marry him is all the Plagues of Hell:
Adders and Scorpions.
Sylvan. No, 'tis wondrous well.
I ſhall convert thee, pretty Infidel.
Coriſc. Have you no mercy left? No pity, Sir?
Silv. Have you no Juſtice left? Give me but her—
Coriſc. Of all the Savages the World can find,
Let me but ſhun that Monſter of the kind.
Sylv. Of all the happineſs of human life,
I only beg that Jewel, for a Wife.
Coriſc. Oh Sir! you Stab me, Kill me——
Mont. When you ſwore
You'd marry him, were Oaths eſteem'd no more?
Forſaken Piety, where art thou fled?
Be juſt, as you wou'd ſave your forfeit Head.
Coriſc. I loath thy very ſight.
Sylv. And I love thee, my pretty Innocence,
As much as thy hot Blood loves Impotence.
Coriſc. Why then inhuman will you marry me?
Sylv. To torture every Vein of thy falſe heart,
Make thy check'd Pride at my dear Vengeance ſtart.
Thy torments will a ſecret Joy afford:
I was thy Slave, and now ſhall be thy Lord.
Nor hope I'le ſhun thy hated Bed, in ſpight
I'le tyrannize all day, and ſport all night.
My Head I'le on thy perjur'd Boſom lay,
Ranſack thy Spoils, and chaſe thy Sleeps away.

Enter Sylvio *and* Dorinda, *who kneel to* Montano.

Coriſc. Yes, Villain do, and my Revenge ſhall be,
I will be kind to all thy Sex, but thee:
I'le make you a worſe Monſter than you are.
Oh I am mad——
Sylvan. A very hopeful pair.
Coriſc. I'le meet thy loath'd embrace in ſuch a frightful ſhape,
That every Kiſs you force, ſhall be a Rape.

To

To *Mirt.* As I am doubly puniſht for my Crime,
At once in loſing you, and meeting him,
In pity to the Ruins which you make,
Thoſe few ſtol'n minutes from her Arms you take,
Beſtow on me. You'l find me ſtrangely good.
I'le baniſh all the Feavour from my Blood;
And love you with deſires ſo pure, ſo chaſt —

Sylvan. Stand off; the Witchcrafts of thoſe Eyes are paſt:
Dear Mine, I'le lay thy wandring Devils faſt.

Coriſc. You ſhall be welcome to my Soul, my Arms.
But if the force of her more pow'rful Charms
Hold you too ſure; to make him Jealous, be
So kind, as but to feign and flatter me.
Ayd the Revenge of an unhappy wife,
And make him lead a wretched Husband's Life.

Sylvan. Let him come near thee, *Syren*, if he can;
Thy Slavery ſhall have ſo ſhort a Chain,
I'le keep my aking Forehead from that pain.

Coriſc. In all the Cheats I uſed, the Tricks I plaid,
And all the Credulous Fools I have betray'd,
Free from all hainous Crimes I ſafely ſlept:
My Virgin Chaſtity entire I kept.
Did I preſerve my Innocence for this?
A Maid! dull Slave, I am too good for thee.
A Curſe upon my Idle Honeſty.

Sylvan. Can ſhe be honeſt then at laſt? If this
Be true, ye Gods, I ask no greater Bliſs.

Sylvio. Your Confirmation of our Loves has given
Me all the joys I wiſh on this ſide Heav'n.

Dorind. But *Sylvio* ſee you Love me as you ſhou'd.
And ſlight me not for want of Heav'nly blood.
But, Sir, if Love to Gods Allied can be,
I am as near of Kin to Heav'n as ſhe.

Enter Titiro.

Tit. VVelcome to Life, and to thy Fathers Arms:
I am all Joy: My Youth ne're felt ſuch Charms.
Here take her, Sir, and may you happy live. [*to* Mirt.
This day has all the longeſt Life could give.

Dorind. Gerana.

Ger. My dear Joy.

Dorind. The happy Dart,
That *Sylvio* ſhot, brought me my *Sylvio*'s heart:
Through the dear wound his Soul came fluttering in:
He'l Love, and Love, and never hate agen.
But you have been unkind.

Ger. I?

Dorind. Yes, you ſaid
I ſhould not think of Love, Heav'n knows how long,
Till ſeven years hence. But you were in the wrong;
My *Sylvio* finds no fault that I'm too young.

Mont. Now my dear Children, ſhare your Fathers heart;
Love has this day play'd its Triumphant part.
But, *Cynthia*, all theſe Bleſſings ſpring from thee;
Faith, Innocence, Truth, Juſtice, Conſtancy,
And every Grace that humane Breaſt inſpires,
Is but a ſpark of the Celeſtial Fires.

Mirt. All other Virtues may be taught above;
But ye great Gods look down, and learn to Love. *Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

WHo would not Damn a ſilly Rhiming Fop,
When there is ſcarce a Fore-man of a Shop,
With Senſe of Animal, and Face of Stoick,
But Courts poor Tawdry Sempſtreſs in Heroick;
Will make ye Rhimes on Cakes and Ale; Reherſe
A Holy-days Treat, at Iſlington, *in Verſe?*
Rhiming, which once had got ſo much your Paſſion,
When it became the Lumber of the Nation,
Like Veſts, your ſeven years Love, grew out of Faſhion.
Great Subjects, and grave Poets pleaſe no more:
Their high Strains now to humble Farce muſt lower.
So ſtrutting Gallant, in his burly Veſt,
And in his looſe full-bodied Tunick dreſt;
All on a ſudden to Thin-gutted Paunch,
A ſlim French Jerkin, Breeches cloſe to Haunch,
Was grown ſo changed, you'd ſwear the ſlender Imp
Was dwindled from a Lobſter to a Shrimp.
And as with Habits, ſo 'tis with the Stage.
Faſhion is all the Beauty of the Age.
And yet tho (thanks be to our happy Stars)
We've Fools enough, good Comedies are ſcarce.
And Faith 'tis very ſtrange, Fops being ſo plenty,
There's not one hits your Pictures, right in twenty.
And gad the Reaſon I have thought upon:
To that Variety of Fop you run,
Your Features change e're half your Pictures done:
Be but more Conſtant, Fool but on one way,
And ſit but out the finiſhing a Play,
And Gentlemen, my honeſt Word I'le pawn,
You may be better pleas'd, and better drawn.

19 June 1913